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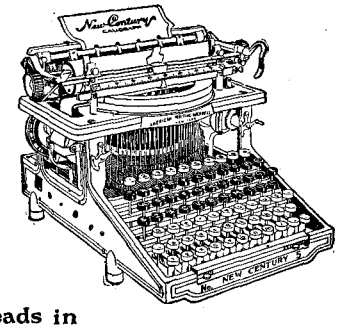

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The Cubans at Washington

The visit of representatives of the Cuban Constitutional Convention to Washington for the purpose of discussing with the President and Secretary Root the true meaning and purpose of the Platt amendment has, according to all reports, resulted in a more friendly understanding between the representatives of the two nations than before existed. Naturally, no reports of the discussions have been given to the public, but there are many indications that both Cubans and Americans have been pleased, and that the visit may be regarded as likely to be a positive factor in the permanent settlement of the Cuban question. Somewhat to the surprise of most people in this country, the Cuban Commissioners, according to all accounts, have laid more stress upon the future of the tariff relations between the two countries than upon anything contained in the Platt amendment itself. Of course the Cuban Commissioners have no definite authority to make requests from this country as to future tariff legislation, and what has been said on this subject has been said by the Commissioners unofficially and in their personal relations. It is quite clear, however, that they would value an offer from this country of the free admission of sugar from Cuba, or the promotion of a generous reciprocity treaty between the two countries, more than the modification of the terms contained in the Platt amendment. In this connection it may be noted that General Wood is quoted by the New York "Tribune" as saying: "The economic question is our tax on sugar. There must be a reduction in order to establish prosperity." The delegation from Cuba includes Señor Capote, General Betancourt, and other members of weight and authority with their own people. The visitors have been treated with the utmost cordiality and courtesy, and are evidently not a little impressed by the geniality of their reception. At the special dinner given in their honor by President McKinley the Commissioners met Senator Platt, of Connecticut, the author of the amendment under discussion, Governor-General Wood, of Cuba, the members of the Cabinet, and several of the most influential and prominent United States Senators.

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The Understanding Reached

The main effort of the President and the Secretary of War seems to have been to convince the visitors that there was no underlying and secret intention behind the propositions made in the Platt amendment; that the word "substantially," in the proviso that the President can establish independence in Cuba only after the conditions of the Platt amendment have been substantially accepted, cannot be interpreted to mean that the amendment may be abandoned or radically changed; that the intention and purpose of our Government are primarily and positively to establish and maintain Cuban independence. It is freely stated in the press, although, of course, unofficially, that the effect of the arguments brought before the Cuban Commissioners has been such that they will upon their return advocate the adoption of the Platt amendments with slight modification, and that they will expect in return that the Administration will place before Congress some kind of proposition looking toward a reasonable degree of reciprocity between Cuba and the United States. Congress alone can act on the most important question of tariff regulation, and Congress alone can do anything to modify essentially the present offer made to Cuba. General Betancourt, in an interview, carefully abstained from committing himself

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and his fellow-Commissioners, but admitted that the visit had produced upon them an agreeable impression, and that there had been an earnest effort on both sides to deal with the subject in such a spirit of fairness and honor as would reach a conclusion satisfactory to all concerned. This interview may be supplemented with one held when the Commission first arrived in this country with Señor Portuando, of the Commission, who said:

Ninety-nine per cent. of the Cuban people desire absolute independence. It is their wish that the military occupation by the United States come to an end at once. It may be said that a small element of Spaniards, from a purely commercial motive—I should not say over ten thousand—would favor annexation, but the wish for independence is felt generally by many Cubans and Spaniards alike. Those Spaniards who favor annexation are not impelled by any love for the United States. They hate us, and they seem to wish some sort of guarantee as to their property and business interests. Peace with the Americans without the independence of Cuba is impossible—I mean moral peace. I do not mean to say that in the event that independence is not granted war or revolution would follow, but that there would be no sympathy, no friendliness, between the peoples.

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Progress in the Philippines

Encouraging evidence continues to come from the Philippines indicating that the people are beginning to appreciate the efforts for local self-government which the Taft Commission, under its general instructions from Washington, is laboring earnestly to establish. Particularly interesting is the full account recently received in this country of what is being done in educational matters. Mr. Atkinson, Superintendent of Education, has already engaged for the schools in the islands over two hundred teachers of English, and in the number are included at least twenty men who have been State Superintendents of Schools, Superintendents of State Normal Schools, professors in well-known universities, or have held other positions which guarantee their experience and educational abilities. In all a thousand teachers will be engaged, and a million dollars will be spent within the next year in payment of teachers, transportation of teachers to the islands, building of schools, and furnishing of text-books and school supplies; of the latter twenty freight-car loads have been ordered. It is reported that there are now fifteen hundred schools in the archipelago, and that the natives have manifested the very liveliest interest in the establishing of the schools. A letter to the New York "Evening Post" gives a picturesque account of the public sessions of the Commission at Bulacan, the capital of the Province of the same name. This has been one of the most warlike of the provinces, and the scenes which took place after the Commission had made the people understand its intentions with regard to local self-government are described as dramatic and almost excessive in the sentiment and hope for the future expressed by former insurgent leaders such as General Flores. Several important Filipino leaders still remain in the field, however; of these General Cailles is one of the most active, and last week it was reported that his camp had been burned by the Americans for the tenth time; as usual, the Filipino General succeeded in evading capture. The trial of Captain Read, charged with being implicated in the commissary scandal, has just begun. Sixto Lopez, the unofficial representative of the Filipinos in this country, whose recent article in The Outlook will be remembered, is about to return to his native country. He says that while he still believes that ninety-five per cent. of the natives will never be satisfied with anything less than full independence, he is returning to find out the exact condition of affairs, and if he learns that Aguinaldo is correct in stating that the majority of the natives now desire peace immediately, he will aid in establishing good relations between the Americans and the Filipinos.

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Negro Disfranchisement in Alabama

As was anticipated, Alabama voted last week to hold the proposed Constitutional Convention to restrict the suffrage of negroes. Few of the negroes voted, and hardly more than a third of the whites, but the majority for the Convention was large. Of the one hundred and fifty-five delegates elected, scarcely a tenth will be Republicans or Populists, so that nearly the whole body will feel bound by the pledge of the Democratic platform that no white man shall be deprived of the suffrage except

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for "infamous crime." The spirit of this pledge, we are glad to report, called forth a strong protest from one of the leading ministers of the State—the Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Montgomery—who published a letter to the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, proving that the discrimination against the negroes was unconstitutional, unnecessary, and harmful to whites as well as blacks. He himself does not believe in the amendment to the Federal Constitution enfranchising the negro, but he pointed out that every loyal citizen was bound to obey the provisions of this amendment until it was repealed—and repeal was impossible. The Federal Courts would be obliged to overthrow any State enactment debarring men of the suffrage because of race or previous condition of servitude. In the next place, Mr. Murphy showed that the making of illiteracy on the part of a negro the equivalent of "infamous crime" on the part of a white was absolutely unnecessary to insure white supremacy. The white voters were already supreme in every single county in the State, and the fear of negro domination was no longer even an imaginable bogy. In the third place, he pleaded that needless discrimination against the negroes would injure them less than the whites. Just now the truth of this position may not be demonstrable, but no one who has studied the moral lessons of history has failed to note that, while evils are often overruled for the good of those who suffer them, they never fail to react for evil upon those from whom they come. The Outlook is wholly out of sympathy with political efforts to estrange Southern negroes from Southern whites, but it fears that the coming Constitutional Convention in Alabama will give new life to the race issue which it seeks to bury.

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Reforms Advanced in Minnesota

The Minnesota Legislature which recently adjourned seems to have made an unusually good record. Its most important accomplishment, of course, was the extension of the direct primary system from the one county in which it had been tried to the entire State. Governor Van Sant, who gave his hearty support to this reform measure, expresses his faith that in the near future the law will be still further broadened so that State officers as well as Congressional, county, and city officers shall be directly nominated by the people. The practicability of nominating State officers in this way has already been demonstrated in South Carolina and Georgia. But the direct primary law was not the only reform measure accepted by the Legislature. An inheritance tax modeled after that in force in New York State has been made a part of the financial system of the State. The New York system, it will be recalled, places no tax on direct inheritance of real estate, and none on personal estates of less than ten thousand dollars. A third important reform was the introduction of the Torrens land transfer system into the Minnesota counties containing the three large cities. This system, it will be remembered, has already been introduced in Illinois and in Massachusetts. Under its operation the owner of real estate, by paying a fee of one-tenth of one per cent. of its assessed value, may have his title confirmed by the court, and receive a registration certificate which guarantees it and makes his realty as easily transferred as the stock of a corporation. In addition to these measures, the Legislature increased the tax on the gross receipts of railroads from three to four per cent., and appointed a tax commission to report upon the thorough reform of the tax laws. A uniform tax on gross receipts has never seemed to us a just method of taxing railroads, partly because it is unfair to new roads which barely pay operating expenses, but chiefly because the general public does not realize that on the more profitable railroads four per cent. on the gross receipts is barely one-half of one per cent. on the value of the property. Nevertheless, the recent increase in the rate makes the tax on railroads in Minnesota approach more nearly to the taxation exacted from individual property-owners, and therefore makes easier the introduction of a system under which corporate property and individual property are taxed alike.

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The New York and New Jersey Bridge Bill

At the very close of the session a bill was suddenly presented to the New York Legislature, and rushed through both

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houses, authorizing a company to construct the long-needed bridge connecting New York City with New Jersey, and to build an approach to this bridge connecting it with the docks on the west side of the city. The representatives of this borough, to their credit, voted against the measure, on the ground that the city's interests were not guarded. The representatives of other districts, however, gave such a majority in favor of the bill that it would have been forced upon the city concerned had not the necessity of the Governor's signature given the citizens of New York an opportunity to protest. No sooner, however, did the news of the bill's passage reach the city than protests came from every quarter where the character of the measure was understood. The strongest of these came from ex-Mayor Hewitt and Comptroller Coler, both of whom pointed out that the bill gave the company practical control of the docks for several miles, and gave it monopoly rights over the immense traffic that passed over them. The city already owns docks to the value of a hundred million dollars—having practically paid for them out of the profits—and both the Comptroller and the ex-Mayor believe that the city itself should build and own the railroad connecting them. Mr. Hewitt, in fact, made this suggestion when he was Mayor and when public ownership proposals were less in the air than now. The formal objections of the city's Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which were offered by the Comptroller, were presented the day following. They showed that the company in question had for six years possessed the right to build the needed bridge, having received it from the National Government in 1894, and that it neither had begun work upon the bridge heretofore nor would it be required to do so under the present act. It received an invaluable franchise for a railway along the water front, without agreeing to build the bridge. Furthermore, it received this franchise in perpetuity, in violation of the provision of the city's charter that all such franchises should revert to the city without cost at the expiration of fifty years; and, finally, the franchise proposed did not even fix the tolls to be charged. The bill did contain the provision that the tolls should be "uniform," but this, as the Board pointed out, was of little avail, since the ownership of the proposed road by a single railroad company would enable this company, without loss to itself, to fix rates so high as to throttle competition. The Merchants' Association and other business organizations have made similar protests. The veto of the bill by Governor Odell is practically assured.

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City Heating Franchises Central heating stations are becoming so common as to demand attention. Although the first plant of this sort was built at Lockport, N. Y., in 1877, and others were added soon after, it is only within the past few years that the sale of heat has become important. The early stations were constructed as heating plants only; the recent impetus to this service is due to the utilizing of the heat otherwise wasted in the making of electricity. It is fairly well known that only a small percentage of the energy stored in the coal burned under the boiler of an electric-lighting station can be made available as electric current. Few realize, however, that at best only some fifteen per cent. of this energy is utilized, and generally only ten to twelve per cent. The bulk of it is wasted in the form of exhaust steam from the engine cylinders. The exhaust, of course, is greatest in amount when the demand for light is heaviest, and this occurs in winter, when the maximum quantity of artificial heat must be provided. At scores of electric light or combined electric light and railway or other power plants this exhaust steam is now so employed as to add at least forty per cent. to the energy utilized. This is accomplished by the simple process of piping the steam, or the water heated by it, to private consumers. It was thought at first that central heating plants were practicable only for compactly built portions of large or fair-sized cities, but electrical companies are now selling heat in small towns. Among the larger places having central heating plants are Atlanta, Ga., and Seattle, Wash., while in New York City a company has been supplying steam for both heat and power for a number of years. Included in the smaller towns having this service are Delaware,

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and Red Oak, Ia. The cost of service varies with local conditions, such as price of fuel, number of near-by consumers, length and coldness of winters, but a charge of from five to ten dollars a winter for a room of the ordinary size seems to be usual. The attractiveness of the service is not due so much to its low cost as to its freedom from the dirt, labor, and trouble occasioned by the storage and handling of coal, the care of furnaces, and the removal of ashes from private buildings. Then, too, where soft coal is used the smoke nuisance may be lessened by the substitution of a well equipped and operated central station for hundreds or thousands of separate furnace fires, in many of which the combustion is very incomplete. Inasmuch as all these central heating plants must use the public streets for their piping systems, it is evident that there is rapidly coming to the front a new class of municipal franchises. Although all the central heating stations thus far appear to be owned by private companies, probably the day is not far distant when municipal ownership of this service will at least be a subject for earnest discussion.

❀

The Financial Situation The recently issued Government report on the condition of winter wheat predicted a crop of four hundred and sixty million bushels, if the condition is maintained, as against three hundred and thirty millions last year. While one could hardly expect that this promise would be fulfilled, present indications continue to show the probability of an immense harvest of winter wheat. The corn outlook seems to be even more encouraging, but from all agricultural sections reports are at hand that, despite promising crops, there is a scarcity of hands. These conditions are also characteristic of the Hawaiian sugar plantations, although many Porto Rican laborers have been imported. All agricultural signs seem to point to a combination of large crops and good prices. In other staple markets prices show a tendency to harden. The great expansion of exports continues, and there has been a further increase in railway earnings. Thus the volume of transactions, as reported by bank clearings, has had a firm foundation for establishing a new high record other than that furnished by such mergers as that long rumored and finally officially proposed last week between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railways on the one hand, and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy on the other. On one day of last week the exchange of checks between New York Clearing-House banks reached the aggregate sum of nearly five hundred and fifty million dollars—a settlement effected with balances of only thirteen millions. While the volume of transactions on the Stock Exchange may have been the proximate cause for this enormous increase, optimists say that it is not greater than the real increase of the wealth of the country at large. On several days of the week the volume of daily transactions averaged over two million shares, and on one day Union Pacific Railway represented over six hundred and fifty thousand shares—the largest number of full shares belonging to a single company ever dealt in on a single day. While buying power so far has represented that part of the country's earnings in excess of the sum which must be devoted to the purchase of necessaries, we believe that there is now a near approach to that line in the upward movement, fixed by the actual and prospective value of securities, which cannot be crossed without the certainty of sharp reaction.

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British Consols Last week the British Government offered to borrow $300,000,000, paying therefor 2¾ per cent. until 1903 and thereafter 2½ per cent. on its issue of bonds (or consols) at 94½. As within the past few years British consols have sold at twenty points higher than this figure, the present quotation, though representing an emergency credit, was attractive enough to invite a sevenfold over-subscription. Thus it is evident that the entire loan could have been placed at a better rate and could all have been placed in England. Nevertheless, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, had thought wise to offer a part for sale in this country. The popularity of that procedure was evident when, among a multitude of smaller applications, insurance companies sub-

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scribed for from five to ten million dollars' worth each, and one syndicate offered to take fifty millions. If we turn to the quotations for United States Government bonds, we will note that the return from them is below two per cent. One reason for this apparent advantage to our credit lies in the fact that we allow banks owning our securities to issue currency thereon.

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The Chinese Indemnity: The Foreign Side

Last week Mr. Conger, United States Minister to China, arrived in this country, and was asked for his opinion as to the amount of indemnity which China should pay to the foreign Powers for damages done to their interests during the Boxer outrages. He replied that China could pay three hundred million dollars, accompanying his answer by the statement that it would be necessary for the Government to practice economy, and that the time of payment should be extended over a long term of years. This sum is twenty-five million dollars less than the total indemnity claims submitted by the foreign Ministers at Peking—a reduction from the first reported claims, and largely due to the efforts of Mr. Hay, our Secretary of State, who has now proposed to reduce the indemnity to two hundred millions. His proposal to minimize the indemnities has been received with frank favor by Great Britain, Japan, and Russia, the Powers which, with the United States, performed practically the whole work of rescuing the Legations at Peking last summer. A supplementary proposal comes from Russia to repeat an operation from which that Power has already achieved a somewhat alarming success with China, namely, to advance to the latter country the sum required to pay the indemnities. This sum will not come at all from Russia, but, as before, from France, a Power which must watch its partner reap all the profit while it again bears the burden of the Dual Alliance, for Russia wishes to retain Manchuria as a pledge for the loan, thus securing her ends in that region. The action of Germany has been gratifying in so far as Colonel Hay's proposal has received the approval of Count von Bülow, Imperial Chancellor. As, however, this requires some sacrifices on the part of Germany, the Chancellor feels that it must first be settled whether or not the other Powers are also ready to make similar sacrifices; if these other Powers will do the same, Germany will reduce her demands. The action of the British representatives at Peking calls for special chronicling and commendation. Sir Ernest Satow, the Minister, and Sir Robert Hart—really a Chinese official, as he is Chinese Commissioner of Maritime Customs—declare that not a penny shall be exacted on behalf of those missions whose representatives have already collected indemnities, and that in any event a money indemnity should either be waived or reduced to moderate proportion, if the Chinese Government will extend the present area for trade. So far as the Powers can agree to substitute wider trade for a money indemnity they will serve both their own interests and those of the Chinese Empire.

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The Chinese Indemnity: The Chinese Side

To all this the representatives of the Chinese Court might well reply that from the claims of the foreign Powers the value of the thousands of articles stolen or destroyed by foreign soldiers, and an indemnity for the many murders and outrages committed by those soldiers, ought to be deducted. The demand of Germany and France that China should defray the cost of punitive expeditions, which have more than paid for themselves by looting, is monstrous. These Powers are singularly out of place in making such a demand, from the fact that the first named took no part at all and the latter but little part in the relief of the Peking Legations—the pretext for the despatch of foreign troops to China. Yet these two Powers, with all the others save America, England, and Japan, have presented claims for the cost of maintaining their forces in the Chinese Empire since the Legations were relieved. Absurd also is the attitude of the smaller European nations—Austria, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland. Encouraged by the attitude of Germany and France, they have now asked for such enormous individual indemnities in the light of their small military contingents as to awaken a suspicion that they may be the tools of greater Powers. Mr. Hay has now made the pro-

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posal that the apportionment of the aggregate indemnity should be made only on the basis of the participation of each nation in the rescue of the Peking Legations. The difficulty with this otherwise sensible proposal is evident in the protest by some that the number of the troops of each Power available in China last summer was determined by accident or by the nearness of other possessions. America's part in all the indemnity proceedings is thus seen to be based, not upon greed or upon any estimate of China's power to pay, but upon equity alone.

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Dr. Tucker Misrepresented

Last month the New York "Times" reported President Tucker, of Dartmouth, as saying in an address at Boston, "The Christian Church has been set back nobody knows how far by the behavior of missionaries in China." Dr. Tucker's words on such a subject carry great weight with the thoughtful public, but this statement was so incompatible with all the evidence which we have been able to gather by careful inquiry as to the conduct and work of American missionaries in China that we were unwilling to accept the "Times" report until it was confirmed by Dr. Tucker himself. At our request he has sent us a copy of his address. Dr. Tucker was speaking on "The Message of the College to the Church," and we quote, from an authorized copy of his address in full, what he said concerning the situation in China:

> The past century was a missionary century. It began and continued under the incentive of motives for the redemption of the world. The saying of young Mills to his college friends, "We ought to carry the Gospel to dark and heathen lands, and we can do it if we will," caught the heart, the conscience, and the faith of the Church. As a result the colleges poured out their wealth of consecrated life into dark and heathen lands. The record of the century has been a continuous record of heroism filling its pages with the names of heroes and martyrs. But, lo! as the century ends they and their work are discredited in the eyes of the world. Christendom has been exposed before paganism. The very nations which have sent out apostles to preach the Gospel have shown that they have not learned how to keep the commandments. What chance has the missionary in China, under the present ethics of Christendom? You recall the proverb, "In the presence of arms the laws are silent." It looks as if we must add, "The Gospel also." It is very difficult to know what to say to young men in these days of inconsistency and confusion. Suppose a young man of zeal and integrity should ask one of you where he could put his moral power to the best advantage or according to the greatest need to-day, what would you tell him? That would hardly have been an open question at the beginning of the century. Mills gave the true as well as the heroic answer. What has made the difference to-day? The failure of Christendom to support Christianity through its practical moralities. For "Christendom," as was said by Professor Christlieb, "is the world's Bible. 'Ye are our epistles—known and read of all men.'" The Church has been set back nobody knows how long by the behavior of Christian nations in China. And a like result must follow in degree everywhere wherever there is a break between the faith and the morals of Christendom. Therefore I argue that the only sufficient support of sentiment in our college is morality in the Church and the Nation.

To say, as Dr. Tucker does, that "the behavior of the Christian nations in China has set back the Church nobody knows how long," is a very different thing from saying that the conduct of the missionaries in China has set back the Church. By the Christian nations he means Russia, Germany, France, England, and the United States. Happily, the attitude of our Government has been such as to earn the confidence, we think, of the Chinese. We think there is just ground for Dr. Tucker's feeling that the influence of Christian civilization has received a serious blow from the conduct of the soldiers and officers representing some of these so-called Christian nations. The violence, the cruelties, and the barbarities practiced by those who are Christians only by virtue of the fact that they are citizens of countries which have enjoyed benefits of Christian civilization for centuries have made it all the more necessary that the missionaries, who are still heroically doing their humanitarian and self-sacrificing work in China, should live and act in accordance with the highest standards of unselfishness. A sincere love of his fellow-men, demonstrated by his daily attitude towards those even who are injuring him, is the only power which can permanently sustain the missionary in a foreign land among people who instinctively look upon him with suspicion. We sincerely believe that the great body of missionaries in China have done their work relying on this power. No doubt individual mistakes have been made, as they are

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made by the very best of men in all departments of life, but all the evidence of the most judicial observers among travelers and officials in China is that the missionaries, as a body, have sacrificed their comfort, their property, and often their lives in carrying out the principles of the Gospel which they are endeavoring to bring to the knowledge of their fellow-men in China.

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Korea Last week the successful conclusion of negotiations for a very large French loan to construct a railway from Seoul, the capital of Korea, to Wiju on the Chinese (now really Russian) frontier was announced. The interest is put at five and a half per cent., and it is asserted that the customs have been hypothecated to France. As the Russo-Chinese Bank will "finance" the loan, it is easy to see that France's partner in the Dual Alliance has been arranging matters; indeed, it was the objection of Mr. Brown, Director-General of Korean Customs, to pledging the Korean customs as security for this loan which created Russia's desire for his dismissal. The rumor persists that Russia is aiming to take possession of Chinghai Bay, on the Korean coast. With her commercial hold on Masampo, she would thus control two strategetically fine Korean harbors, and be in a position to thwart some of the plans of Japan. Masampo is a day's steaming from Nagasaki, the great Japanese port. About half-way between them lies the island of Tsushima, which Japan has converted into a fortress. Korea, once the most isolated nation in the world, has now become a storm-center. Englishmen, Americans, and other foreigners are represented among the public officers of its Government (Mr. Brown, for instance), but the transportation, telegraph, cable, and postal facilities are in the hands of the Japanese, who, naturally more interested than any other people in Korean agriculture, mining, industry, and commerce, have provided that Korean civilization should progress on the lines of Japanese development at home. More confidently than ever do the Japanese regard Korea as the proper country for their overflow population and energy; they will not allow Russian aggression there to pass beyond a certain point without a strenuous diplomatic and, if necessary, armed struggle.

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Mr. Montagu White on the Boer War As the British have charge of all the telegraphic communications with South Africa, it is but natural that the reports of the Boer war should be somewhat pro-British. It is, therefore, of interest to receive a report of the situation from a Boer source, although that source is hostile to everything British. Mr. Montagu White, the representative of the Boers in America, has just returned from Europe, where he met a number of persons from the Boer fighting camps, "which they quitted for legitimate reasons as recently as the end of January, and others from Johannesburg and Pretoria, from which places they have been deported by the British authorities. They one and all tell the same story, namely, that the Boers in the field are determined to fight on to the end, unless their independence is recognized. Even the victims of the reconcentrado system, who are fed upon weevily corn and damaged sugar, share the optimism of those in the field as to the ultimate triumph of their cause." Mr. White declares that the reports concerning ill-treatment by Boers of Outlanders and peace envoys are false. "Several men like Lanham, Walker, and others, reported to have been murdered in cold blood, are still alive, and Andreas Wessels, a peace envoy, reported shot by order of General De Wet, is now known to be alive and well." Mr. White claims that the great opportunity for a peaceful settlement was lost after General Cronje surrendered at Paardeberg. "This disaster for a time so disheartened the Boers that had Lord Roberts, instead of insisting on unconditional surrender, offered anything like generous terms, it is certain that peace would have been established long since. On the other hand, the demand for unconditional surrender, and the burning of homesteads, the destruction of crops and gardens, the carrying off of cattle, and, above all, the harrying of the women, prolonged the war." Since then, says Mr. White, "the greatest indignation has been caused among the Boers by the policy of feeding on half-rations those women and children who had relatives at the front."

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Mr. White concludes with the statement that wealth has been powerless to break the spirit of the Dutch republics. "Not only have they been pitted against the richest power on earth, but the sympathies of cosmopolitan wealth have been, almost without exception, actively directed against the Boers."

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Bishop Stubbs Bishop Stubbs was an Oxford man; he was graduated from Christ Church in 1848. It was appropriate that he should come back as Bishop to the town with which his life had been associated, not only as student, but as professor, for from 1866 to 1884 he held the chair of Modern History at Oxford, becoming Bishop of Chester before accepting the See of Oxford. His record as Bishop both in Chester and Oxford showed the wise moderation which one might expect from such a man, but this part of his history did not bring him so much before scholars and before the reading public generally as did the publication, during the two decades beginning with 1858, of such authoritative works as the "Constitutional History of England," "Select Charters and other Illustrations of English Constitutional History," and "The Early Plantagenets," all the result of many years of research. Thus Bishop Stubbs, who passed away last week, will be known more as the author of perhaps the most widely read treatise on the English Constitution than as a prelate of the English Church. Nor have his labors in history lost anything by subsequent investigation, or, in general, even by subsequent theories. Any student would probably agree to-day with the London "Academy's" judgment in 1874, when the first of the three volumes of Stubbs's "Constitutional History of England" made its appearance: "There is absolutely nothing material to the subject that he has not investigated. . . . Whatever may be said of his generalizations, his facts are perfectly trustworthy, and even one who differs from his point of view may really be content to rest the whole controversy on statements made by himself." To most men constitutional history is in general dry reading, and the above-mentioned books form no exception to the rule. Some one suggests that the ideal way to gain a solid knowledge of English civilization would be to take up a chapter of Green and a chapter of Stubbs alternately. Not until the middle of the last century did a Chancellor of the Exchequer arise with imagination enough to make the dry bones of a British budget live. The world is still waiting for a Gladstone to put actuality and color into the narration of constitutional history.

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Dr. Marcus Dods The coming to this country for extended courses of lectures of Dr. Marcus Dods, of Edinburgh, is an event of no ordinary importance. Among the preachers and theologians of Great Britain he occupies an eminent place. As the friend and pastor of Henry Drummond he attracts the attention of all the friends of that chivalrous and enthusiastic Christian worker. As a professor in the most prominent Presbyterian theological college of Scotland, if not of the world, he has won rare distinction. His books are now regarded as indispensable to every clergyman's library. But, important as he is in his work, he is more interesting in his personality, and it was that which so impressed and inspired Drummond. Dr. Dods has accepted the invitation of the Bible College at Montclair, N. J., to lecture before it during the month of May. He will deliver two courses of lectures, one on the Gospel of John and one on the Epistle to the Hebrews. Each course will consist of ten lectures. The first will begin on Tuesday, May 7, and the second on Tuesday, May 21. The promised presence of Dr. Dods is attracting wide attention, and large numbers of persons from all parts of the country are planning to attend his lectures. Among the other courses at the Montclair Bible College during the month of May are two by Professor Rogers, of Drew Theological Seminary, on "The Wisdom Literature" and on "Israel's Neighbors;" one by Professor Jacobus, of Hartford Seminary, on "The Credibility of the Apostolic Literature;" and one by Mr. Patterson Du Bois on "Pastoral Pedagogics." The course may well be regarded as of quite unusual interest. Information concerning the lectures of Dr. Dods, and of all others, may be obtained from the Rev. W. W. White, Montclair, N. J.

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Montmartre Roman Catholicism

Roman Catholic devotion to "the Sacred Heart of Jesus" dates from the visions of the nun Mary Margaret Alacoque in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The most striking memorial of that devotion is the magnificent and recently erected Church of the Sacred Heart on the heights of Montmartre, Paris. Those who have been building that church apparently aim at a revival of ecclesiastical temporal power in France, and are now proclaiming a special revelation of the Sacred Heart as conveying three demands upon the French people: (1) A national monument; (2) a national flag bearing the emblem of the Sacred Heart; (3) a dedication of the whole country to the Sacred Heart. Men are the special recruits desired, for they have votes; they can also carry rifles, and the eight thousand who met at a recent Montmartre Congress are called "Soldiers of the Sacred Heart." Thirty officers of all arms, representing devotees from the army, have now formed a Guard of Honor to the Holy Sacrament in the Montmartre church. As The Outlook has already chronicled, at the recent Bourges Congress Abbé Lemire defeated a resolution demanding that the Sacred Heart be placed on the national flag; but there are already fifty thousand of these special banners in France. An effort is being made to have towns and villages hoist this flag, and through their mayors dedicate their respective communities to the Sacred Heart. Some have already done so. The emblematic flag is borne with much ceremony to the principal church, placed before the altar, and carried before the Holy Sacrament. The officials follow up a resolution previously taken by an "Act of Consecration" in the form of a prayer. "Le Chrétien Français," the organ of the ex-priests, gives the prayer used in the town of Auriac; it concludes thus: "Awaiting the blessed day when our country shall be solemnly consecrated to Thee in the Church of the National Vow [Montmartre], we proclaim Thee King of the Commune of Auriac. We intrust to Thee the care of its people and of all their temporal interests. May Thy Sacred Heart grant to us unison, peace, and prosperity. 'Long live the Sacred Heart, our King and our Protector.'" Whatever good may accrue religiously through this movement, politically it appears ominous to thoughtful Frenchmen. They remember that the monks are helping it on, and that the monks are not friends to the Republic.

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The Harvard Summer School of Theology

On account of the wide diversity of denominations represented by the lecturers engaged for this year's session of the Harvard Summer School of Theology, that session deserves special mention. Trinitarian and Unitarian Congregationalists will join with Protestant Episcopalians and also with Roman Catholic teachers in the common study of contemporary problems. These problems will be treated, not only by clergymen, but in marked degree by sociologists and by students of political economy. Among those who will lecture on economic problems will be Professors Shaler, Peabody, Taussig, and Carver, of Harvard, and Clark, of Columbia. The subjects to be treated by the last-named speaker, for instance, are "A Natural Economic System," "The Struggles of Classes," and "The Society of the Future." Professor Taussig will deal with "The Nature of Industrial Monopolies" and "Public Ownership." On ethical and theological subjects the lecturers are interestingly contrasted men. For instance, Professor Palmer, of Harvard, a Trinitarian Congregationalist, will lecture on "The Agencies of Redemption," and Professor Fenn, of Harvard, a Unitarian, will lecture on "The Idea of Jesus." President Eliot will lecture on "The Voluntary Church and its Ministry in Democracy." In the spirit of co-operation which has always characterized the relations between the Cambridge theological seminaries, Dean Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School, will follow President Eliot. Two honored Congregational leaders, Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, and President Hyde, of Bowdoin, will lecture on "The Suburban Minister" and "The Country Minister," respectively, while Mr. Woods, head of the South End House, Boston, will speak on "The City Minister." One of the most interesting of all lectures, however, will be that of Professor Kerby, of the American Catholic University, who

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will talk upon "The Catholic Church and the Social Question."

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The Westminster Confession Last week at Pittsburg a meeting took place of the sub-committee of the Committee on Creed Revision appointed by the last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. It may be remembered that at the Committee's recent meeting in Washington there was a division; majority and minority reports were considered. The functions of the sub-committee are those of a returning board, and it has now decided upon two important features of the plan for revision which will be presented to this year's General Assembly, a body convening on May 16 in Philadelphia. These features, as reported, are: First, a new statement of doctrine to be issued as a supplement to the Confession of Faith; second, a revision of the Confession itself, either by the addition of a declaratory paragraph or a change in the text.

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The Missionary Outlook in China A letter of Yuen-Shi-Kai, Governor of Shantung (the province in which the Boxer movement began), addressed to the representatives of American and British missionary societies, states that throughout the recent disorders he had instructed his subordinates to protect the Christians. He then goes on to say: "You, Reverend Sirs, have been preaching in China many years, and without exception exhort men concerning righteousness. Your Church customs are strict and correct, and all your converts may well observe them. In establishing your customs you have been careful to see that Chinese law was observed. How then can it be said that there is disloyalty? To meet this sort of calumny I have instructed that proclamations be put out. I purpose hereafter to have lasting peace. Church interests may then prosper, and your idea of preaching righteousness I can promote." Though Yuen-Shi-Kai's good faith may be open to suspicion, the Rev. Griffith John, of the London Missionary Society, who forwards the Governor's letter, adds that the Society's thirty houses of worship in a single prefecture which had been destroyed by the Boxers would be rebuilt by the close of the year. The Church in China, said he, had come out of the furnace transfigured; her converts in general showed a splendid fidelity. In a previous letter Mr. John described his reception on his return with his associates to the station in Central China whence they had been compelled to flee for their lives last summer. The station was some days' sail up the Yangtse, hundreds of miles from any foreign force. Not only were the missionaries hospitably received with many demonstrations of welcome, but the local officials volunteered to indemnify them for their losses, saying that better protection in the future would be promoted by payment of indemnity for the past. In the settlement that ensued the missionaries rated their loss at less than the actual amount, with a view to the moral benefit of moderation. Such a thoroughly attested fact does much to dispose of the oft-repeated assertion that the Chinese are generally hostile to the missionaries.

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Higher Education in Public Affairs Wisconsin University has established four new courses to fit students to discuss and administer public affairs. The first of these courses is one in statistics, which will not only teach the general outlines of statistical science, but also equip students to enter the constantly widening field of statistical work that is conducted not only for the State and municipal governments, but also for railroads, insurance companies, and other great organizations. This course is one which might well be made a part of the general training of all who profess to have received a higher education, for, however trying statistical information may become, statistical misinformation is incomparably more trying, and a very elementary course would keep people from building whole sermons and magazine articles and even philosophies upon such current misstatements as that "nine business men out of every ten pass through bankruptcy," or that "machinery enables us to produce ten times as much as our grandfathers did a century ago." The second of the new courses is one in practical sociology, which requires class work to be supplemented by the direct study of social conditions and reformatory and charitable institutions.

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This course is admirably planned as a preparation for pastoral work. The third course is one in public service, including methods of administration and a knowledge of diplomacy. Inasmuch as the growth of our democracy steadily increases the number of official positions for which special preparation is necessary, and to which competitive examinations furnish on the whole the safest method of appointment, this course promises to be one of practical value to an increasing number of students. The fourth course is a more general one in journalism, which will be given in connection with the work in the School in History, and will aim to equip students to discuss the wide range of social, economic, political, and historical questions upon which all journalists are wrongly supposed to be informed. Upon the whole, the new work planned by Wisconsin University seems to us of exceptional importance. Such courses are especially valuable in a democracy, where higher education ought to have as its first concern the fitting of the largest possible number of citizens to act intelligently regarding the concerns of the commonwealth.

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Cheap Car-Fares in Berlin

Professor Edmund J. James, of Chicago University, in a recent article on the traction question in the "World Review," describes the method in which the city of Berlin has solved a street railway problem even more difficult than that which now confronts Chicago. In Chicago nearly all of the street railway franchises expire two years hence, when the city will have a free hand. In Berlin the reform system was introduced in 1895, though the franchises held by the railway companies were not to expire until 1912. The Berlin companies, furthermore, were more unprogressive and quite as selfish in their attitude as those of Chicago, and professed that they did not even care to change from horse to electric traction. The Berlin city authorities, however, knew the economy of electric traction to the street railway companies, and refused to make any concession to them for introducing the electric plant except the lengthening of their charters by eight years. In return for this extension the city stipulated that in 1920 the entire plant, tracks, wires, waiting-rooms, and everything else, should pass into the possession of the city free from any charge; that the companies should meanwhile pay eight per cent. of their gross income into the city treasury; and—most important of all to the general public—that the old system of graduated fares, ranging from one and one-fourth cents to six cents, according to the distance, should give place to the American system of uniform fares, the fare being fixed at ten pfennigs, or 2.4 cents. The Berlin system does not provide for the free transfers which are usually a valuable feature of our American system; but the rate charged is none the less lower than in any American city in which five-cent fares are still in force, for while our transfer system greatly lengthens the possible ride, it lengthens very little the average ride taken by the street railway patrons. In New York City a few years ago the report of the Metropolitan Street Railway system showed that the number of transfer tickets used was hardly a fourth of the number of cash fares. That a foreign city supposed to have a greater concern than American cities for the vested interests of capitalists should have made so good a bargain with its street railway companies ought to lead American cities to take a more determined stand for the rights of the people.

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Mr. Chadwick's Commemoration

The Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, which commemorated its fiftieth anniversary on Sunday, April 14, is one of the comparatively few churches whose ministers in these times of change may be described in the old phrase as "settled." The ministry of its present pastor, the Rev. John White Chadwick, already covers a period of thirty-seven years. His predecessors were the Rev. Samuel Longfellow and the Rev. N. A. Staples. Mr. Chadwick came to the pastorate from the Harvard Divinity School. While he has attracted many choice spirits and keen minds to his congregation, the outside parish to which he has ministered by his printed sermons, articles, and books has been far wider. His thoughtfulness, courage, and candor, his poetic insight and strong ethical note, are deservedly esteemed.

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Shall the Negro be Educated?

We are sorry to see the proposition seriously made in some of the Southern States to divide the school fund so as to give all the taxes derived from the whites to the education of white children, and only the taxes derived from colored people to the education of colored children. We are glad to see this proposition condemned, as it ought to be, by the best citizens in the South, without regard to party, and generally regarded by them as an appeal by politicians to the prejudices of the lower classes, not as a practical proposition to be seriously entertained. No doubt there is something in the proposition which may seem, on a mere casual and careless consideration, to have in it an element of fairness. We have occasionally heard the same proposition in a different form in the North. It has been sometimes seriously proposed to relieve all Roman Catholics from the school tax, and leave them to educate their own children in their own Church. It has been sometimes seriously questioned why the rich man with one or two children whom he sends to a private school should be taxed to pay for the education of the poor man's half a dozen children in a public school. Why should not Protestants educate themselves, and leave Roman Catholics to provide their own education? Why should not the rich educate their children, and leave the poor to educate theirs? Why should not a feudal aristocracy educate their children at Eton and Rugby and Winchester, and leave the workingmen and the laborers to provide for their children such education as they desire? Why should not the whites educate themselves, and leave the colored people to provide for their own education? These questions are simply different forms of the same question—namely, Why should not the strong and rich and cultivated take care of themselves, and leave the poor and unprosperous and ignorant to take care of themselves?

In a Christian country, in this year of grace 1901, it ought not to be possible to ask this question; but since it is asked, let us try to answer it. Those who ask it ought not to suffer any illusion. It is really the question, Why should any intelligent community object to have attached to it and forming a part of it a mass of ignorant and immoral persons, living perhaps in a state of dull content with their animal conditions, perhaps in a state of chronic envy of their more prosperous neighbors? Surely history has given in more than one tragedy an answer to that question. It was the ignorant plebs who destroyed Rome. It was the uneducated mob whose irruption inflicted on France the excesses of the Revolution. It is the unschooled peasantry of Ireland which keeps in hopeless poverty an island rich in agricultural and commercial possibilities. It is the ignorant population in our great cities which every now and then inflicts upon it an ugly, dangerous, and costly mob. These seven millions of colored persons are going to remain in the South. To deport them is physically impossible. To absorb them by intermarriage with the Anglo-Saxon race is not thought of as possible by any one whose judgment is determined by facts, not by *a priori* theories. They are not dying off, and will not thus disappear from the American continent. They cannot be reduced into a condition of slavery, and no one wishes so to reduce them.

What remains? But one alternative: to give them the best education they are capable of receiving, or to leave them to increasing degeneration and decay, a burden and a peril alike to themselves and to their neighbors. The answer to the question, Why not leave the colored people to grow up without education? is well put in a sentence by Dr. J. L. M. Curry: "We must elevate this race or it will drag us down." The colored people educated and made a component part of the industrial and political organization of the South, contented and prosperous, self-respecting because worthy of respect, will add to the wealth, the prosperity, the happiness of the South. Left uneducated to drop in successive generations into ever lower stages of barbarism, they will be a burden bound upon the back of the South, if not a millstone bound about its neck.

For the South now to abandon the colored people to themselves would be not only a public calamity, it would be a

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public dishonor. It is estimated that since the close of the Civil War the South has expended in taxes for the education of the emancipated slaves something like $120,000,000. This is a splendid record. We recall nothing analogous to it in all history. Fifty years ago there was not a public-school system in any Southern State, and in most of the Southern States it was a criminal offense to teach the slaves. Slavery was abolished, not with the consent of the South, but against her vigorous protests and her heroic resistance. Yet no sooner is emancipation an accomplished fact than she begins in her poverty to see what can be done to educate the emancipated slaves for freedom. In every Southern State there is now a public-school system; and in every State the public provision for the one race is substantially equal to that made for the other. For the South to throw away in its growing prosperity this honorable distinction achieved in its desolation and poverty is not to be thought of; we have faith to believe that the suggestion will be thought of only to be indignantly repudiated. This work of education has been carried on under great difficulties. The money had to be raised, the school-houses built, the teachers to be educated, a curriculum adapted to the conditions of the race to be chosen, a system to be organized. Of course there have been mistakes. The education has been too exclusively literary, and should be developed along the lines of manual and industrial training; it has been too exclusively intellectual, and should be developed along the lines of moral training. But the fact that mistakes have been made is a reason for correcting the mistakes, not for abandoning the endeavor. Italy and France have established schools for their peasant children; Ireland has abandoned her hedgerow schools and is maintaining recognized parochial schools for her poorest population; England, by her Board Schools, is educating the children of the citizen and the laborer; America is planting the common school in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Those in the South who propose to abandon the attempt to educate the colored people, whom the South has thus far with such self-sacrifice endeavored to educate, propose to transfer the Southern States from the front to the rear of the column of free States, to revert in the twentieth century to the conception of education which the civilized world was already beginning to abandon by the close of the eighteenth.

It is true that if any Southern State were to abandon its attempt to educate her colored population the education would not be wholly abandoned. She would by that very act make her territory missionary ground; the efforts of missionary and charitable organizations in the North would be redoubled; public charity would take up the work laid down by the State; and Northern schools, supported by Northern contributions and officered by Northern teachers, would be multiplied. Of course this work would be undertaken under great disadvantages. It would be difficult to raise adequate funds. The Northern teachers would not and could not understand either the nature of the negro or the demands of the community as well as the Southerner understands them. The schools would be charity schools, not public schools; and the difference between the two is real and vital. The fact that Northern charity had to be appealed to for the continuance of a work which the South had once carried on, and then abandoned in discouragement because it presented obstacles, would be galling to Southern pride, as it ought to be. But, worse than all, the colored people, publicly and officially notified, by an action which would speak much more loudly than words, that the Southerner was no longer his friend and did not care whether he obtained an education or remained in ignorance, would accept the separation which such an act would inevitably involve. Indifference is harder to bear than enmity; and whether the abandonment of the public-school system for the colored people was based on the affirmation that they are incapable of receiving an education, or on the affirmation that the Southerner does not care whether they are educated or not, the effect would be to increase that separation of the races in the South which all philanthropists and statesmen have justly regarded as disastrous alike to the white and to the colored people.

We do not anticipate the division of the school funds in any Southern State. But the way to insure the defeat of this

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proposition is to protest against it wherever and whenever it makes its appearance, and to compel its advocates to present some other argument in favor of it than an appeal to the prejudices or the pockets of the taxpayers. We believe that The Outlook in this matter reflects the almost unanimous sentiment of the best people in the South; our only fear is that, in their contempt for so undemocratic a proposition, they may allow it in some sections to gather a headway which it never could secure if it were met in the very outset with a challenge to debate from Southern men.

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For the Sake of Posterity

The article on "The Passing of Niagara," which appears in this issue of The Outlook, deserves the widest reading as illustrating the perils which threaten much of the most impressive and beautiful scenery in this country. This is a utilitarian age, very largely concerned with the material well-being of men. There is nothing finer or more encouraging in its spirit and its activity than the sense of responsibility for the material well-being of the masses, or than the numberless experiments which are being tried in many directions by many people, in the hope of giving better homes, better sanitary conditions, and a more wholesome and normal life to the working classes in this country. With this movement The Outlook is in profound sympathy; it believes that the great work of the twentieth century will be the bringing of social and economic conditions into harmony with higher ideas of the brotherhood of man and the responsibility of man for man.

But it is a great mistake to imagine that the well-being of men terminates with clean streets, good water, good drainage, comfortable houses, proper food, and the right kind of clothing. It is essential that the body shall be put in the right condition and kept there by right surroundings, because health of body is essential to health of soul. But the care of the body is only the beginning of the total care of the human being. It would be possible to make everybody in the country comfortable and still leave everybody to the dullest and most uninteresting life imaginable. Physical well-being without intellectual resources or spiritual ideas makes men animals or sluggards, or fills them with a dangerous discontent. The well-being of America is to be secured, not only by wise, generous, and sane care for the physical conditions of the people, but by a far-sighted provision for the needs of their minds and the aspirations of their souls. Industry is only a means to a higher end; wealth is only an instrument for a wider and truer culture. There is nothing final in commerce, and nothing satisfying in money. To be merely commercial is to rank with the countries which serve the body. In order to rank with the countries which, like Judea and Greece, have served the spirit, the country must work with its mind and its soul.

It is of the highest importance, therefore, that America should not only make room for industry, but that it should preserve every aspect of beauty which nature has given it, and enlarge and deepen natural beauty with an intelligent, generous, and noble art.

At this stage, when the tide of commercial energy is at the flood, those who care for the mind and the soul of America should watch with a vigilant eye the encroachments of trade on beauty, and should organize themselves together to protect that natural wealth which God has given the people of the United States; which belongs not only to them, but to their posterity and to the world, and which they have no right to alienate. Our cities and the Nation have been for years giving away franchises which were public property, and which they had no more right to give without compensation than a private person has a right to give away the property of his neighbor. These franchises ought to have been sold or leased for the benefit of the community. There are other franchises which are being given away which the country has no right either to lease or to sell—franchises which belong to posterity. Among these are to be counted Niagara Falls, the Palisades of the Hudson, the Columbia River, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Yellowstone Park, and many other localities sacred by reason of historical associations or beautiful because the hand of the Almighty has molded them into noble

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aspects and forms. Efficient measures have been taken in many cases to preserve these priceless gifts of the Infinite Artist from the desecration of utilitarianism in all forms. The desecration of the lower Palisades has been stopped; a commission at Niagara has restored much that was defaced and has prevented later encroachments; the Yellowstone Park is dedicated for all time to the use of the American people. What has been done is but the beginning of what ought to be done. It has been demonstrated again and again that it is practicable to save intact for the future that spiritual and æsthetic wealth which God has bestowed upon the New World, and which in the centuries to come, when population has become more dense, will be of quite priceless value for health, for pleasure, for the ease and the delight of the spirit of man.

The hundreds of thousands who will look into the great chasm of Niagara this summer will not bring to that sublime spectacle the memory of what the Falls were when they plunged into the lower abyss undiminished in volume, set in a framing which the hand of man had not disturbed. These visitors will see, as Miss Hartt points out, one of the sublimest spectacles in the world; they will also see some of the ugliest manufacturing buildings which are to be found on the continent, and which are an abomination in the presence of that glorious expression of the force and the beauty of nature. No further injury should be done to Niagara Falls; and protection should be extended to every beautiful locality in the whole country. Villages are everywhere springing up which, with no additional outlay of money, but with a little foresight and a little education of public taste, might be made beautiful, which, for the lack of these things, are to become permanently ugly.

Americans need to take thought for their children, not only how they shall be housed and wherewith they shall be clothed, but also how their minds shall be enlarged, their spirits sustained, and their ideals glorified by the beauty of the continent in which they live, and by the added beauty, in symbolism and form, of the art with which that continent ought to be embellished.

Self-Surrender

One of Bishop Brooks's most marked characteristics was the extraordinary reticence which he maintained about all matters regarding himself; it was impossible to penetrate the reserve with which he surrounded his own secret life. No man could criticise that reserve, because in all his public efforts he poured out his soul with marvelous spontaneity and abandon, but he guarded his spiritual life from every kind of intrusion, treating it as a Holy of Holies. This characteristic was one of his noblest traits—his unconscious effacement of self, the beautiful and unique way in which, out of the deeps of his personality, his great thoughts and inspirations were allowed to rise, without any intervention of moods, or personal sensitiveness, or of that limiting and belittling self-consciousness which is the bane of many gifted men and women.

Great as was the affection which enveloped Phillips Brooks like a tide, it was, after all, the truth, the life, and the spirit which found expression in him which made their way to the minds of his hearers and left their deepest impression there. No finer tribute was ever paid to him than that contained in a letter sent him by a workingman, who described himself as "one of the crowd who does not go to church, yet is unconsciously better because you are here." The substance of this letter lies in a few pregnant words: "To me you reveal God as no other man does. What I mean by that is, I can't think of you for ten consecutive minutes without forgetting all about you and thinking of God instead; and when I think of God and wonder how he will seem to me, it always comes around to trying to conceive you enlarged infinitely in every way." When a man can so subordinate himself to the truth of which he is the minister that it speaks through him with the full added force of his personality, he has reached the highest stage of human development as a servant of the higher life. This was what Phillips Brooks did; by forgetting himself he fulfilled the mystery of the New Testament; he gained full possession of his marvelous personality by losing it; for it is only by the effacement in our own thought of ourselves that we come into complete possession of our-

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selves; and the problem of the teacher, as of every one who is eager to make his life a transparent medium through which the highest spiritual influences pass, is to develop personality to the highest point, to forget it, and finally to regain it in larger measure by identifying it with great causes, noble forces, and commanding convictions.

❀

The Spectator

"Good-mornin'. Yous are out early," was a remark that set the Spectator thinking the other day. The words were uttered in those pleasant and courteous tones that often distinguish the kind-hearted Irishman. The speaker was a young man on his way to work, and he spoke to two girls, evidently his friends. He was addressing both, and so he said "yous," not "you." So speaking, his thought was surely more clearly expressed, though at the expense of "grammar." Was he a reformer who would yet be honored, thought the Spectator, or only an ignoramus who might not be cured of his ignorance until the third or fourth generation? The older grammarians would probably have scouted the idea of a reform in language coming from the masses. They seemed to think that language was heaven-born, that in the beginning it was fixed according to certain unalterable laws, and that any departure therefrom was to be stubbornly resisted as an influence of the evil one. But we latter-day linguistic saints know, or think we know, that language, like everything else, has grown up out of small beginnings, that it is plastic, and that it will be in the future what all the people, following their own sweet wills, make it, not what the grammarians say it ought to be.

❀

The young Irishman aforesaid, if he had been in this country a few years longer, would probably have addressed his friends as "you ladies." Now there is an illustration of the way in which the unlettered masses change the significance of words. "Lady" has lost its exclusiveness because Demos said, "Every woman is a lady." In the same way the word in question, "you," from being used as a singular pronoun in addressing a royal personage only, has become the universal *pronomen reverentia* adopted in speaking to the humblest individual. The Irishman's logic seeks to supply a plural to this now singular pronoun; some Americans seek to apply a singular verb to it. "You was," they say. Mr. Brander Matthews thinks they may eventually win their point. But the unlettered language-reformers are only half logical. They say "you was," but they do not say "you is." And, with the same curious tendency to a transposition of ideas which marks the traditional Englishman's treatment of the h in "'am an' heggs," the person who says "you was" will also say "she are," as in the story of the precise lady's inquiry, "Are the Misses Smith in?" and the servant's answer, "No, ma'am; she are out."

❀

The Spectator notices two tendencies which apparently make for the changing of the language in spite of the grammarians. One is the average man's belief that he knows what he wants to say and his indifference as to classical standards in saying it, especially if following classical standards involves a mixing of ideas. "Don't holler until you get hurt," says this average man. He doesn't say "hollo" because that dictionary word suggests to him the idea of "hollow," and he saves that for other uses. So the dictionaries are beginning to include "holler" in their vocabulary, marking it "colloquial." Thus we get a new word, introduced by the common people as a result of their desire for a symbol that conveys to them a distinct idea. So also in the case of slang, which is never invented by the scholars or grammarians, but which continually enriches the language with terse and racy expressions.

❀

The other influence is a negative one. It is simply the cumulative effect of carelessness. The best writers and speakers make mistakes. They all love to prune and trim and reshape their sentences when they get into print. Or, if they do not, their printers love to do it for them, in the way of "queries." But, in spite of all the pruning and correction, many blunders go through the press, and are perhaps corrected in a "second edition," but generally not at all. As they stand in print, they

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are looked upon as representing "good usage," when oftentimes they represent only careless writing, which the author himself would have corrected if he had had the chance, or if the error had been brought to his notice. So with many of the examples which Mr. Matthews has recently adduced as showing the wide latitude which writers should have in employing phrases which are criticised by purists. Professor Whitney wrote, as quoted by Mr. Matthews, "Pupils who have *only* enjoyed the ordinary training," etc. If some kind friend had looked over the learned Professor's shoulder and with unfaltering nerves had suggested putting the *only* after the *enjoyed*, the Professor would doubtless have said, "Thank you. I hadn't noticed it. Such slips will occur," etc., etc. A friend of the Spectator whose business it is to read manuscripts before publication tells him that that sort of work is calculated to shake the faith of any one in our greatest and our best, so far as grammatical impeccability is concerned. In a recent address by a man who has occupied one of the most exalted governmental positions, he says, he found several glaring examples of the "split infinitive" and the use of a personal instead of a relative pronoun. That these are really insignificant faults does not affect the point. Another friend recently told of a curious instance of the way in which learned men sometimes go to pieces over simple words. "When I was a college boy," said this friend, "one of my professors made the remark, 'You were mizzled by the similarity,' etc. I was nonplused by the word 'mizzled,' but said nothing. Later the professor used the same word again: 'I was mizzled by one whom I supposed was an authority.' I then understood that he meant 'misled.' As a boy he had probably seen the word 'misletoe' thus spelled, and shortly after the word 'misled.' He had been 'mizzled' by the similarity of spelling, and all his life had been saying 'mizzled' for misled."

❀

The poets, too, help to make trouble for the grammarians, and "good usage" for the grammarless. The Spectator has seldom knowingly dropped into verse since he arrived at years of discretion, but he remembers enough of his youthful sins to know that poetasters, and probably even poets, are often put to it to find a suitable rhyme. Mr. Matthews makes an ingenious apology for Kipling's line in the "Recessional,"

"The shouting and the tumult dies."

Now, if Mr. Kipling had been writing plain prose, is it possible that he would have written *dies?* Scarcely; and in starting off his muse in this stanza, he probably wrote *die;* but after a few moments he struck off

"Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,"

and the Spectator believes that he just couldn't forego the temptation to add an *s* to the *die* and see how it would look. Finally, after worrying an hour over the line, he probably said, "Well, let it go at that. If anybody reads the stuff, they'll probably call it 'archaic,' 'rugged,' 'Chauceresque,' or something of the sort. Anyhow, Shakespeare succumbed to the same temptation in

'I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,'

and in

'Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.'"

And so the world gets another example of the freedom of our English tongue, and the critics have another instance in which "good usage" justifies a violation of the rules of the grammarians.

❀

The Spectator has no desire either to exalt or to abase the grammarians. He is simply interested in observing, as is his wont. He observes that people who are finicky about grammar are not very agreeable to converse with—they are apt to say, for instance, that one must not end a sentence with a preposition. He is equally unhappy with those who "murder their English"—they betray a lack in character or training that makes them singularly unappreciative of the conversation of those who might do something to save them from their ungrammatical selves. The Spectator therefore is inclined to approve a middle course, and to say, Be not grammatical overmuch—or overmuch grammatical—for why should a man be more attentive to the form than to the

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substance? and also, Be not overmuch indifferent to the niceties of speech, for a careless speaker becomes a slovenly writer, and misdrawn checks and sometimes libel suits are the punishments that lie in wait for him.

Justice in the Philippine Islands

By Pandia Ralli

[Readers of The Outlook will find a special interest in this article, written by a native of the Philippines, because it describes the first civil case tried before the American Governnor of Benguet, the Hon. Phelps Whitmarsh, who went out to the Philippines as Special Commissioner for The Outlook. Mr. Whitmarsh gives some description of Benguet in his article called "The Land of the Igorrotes," published in The Outlook for April 28, 1900. Apart from the special interest just referred to, Pandia Ralli's article affords a significant glimpse at the beginnings of the institution of American ideas of justice and law in Benguet.—THE EDITORS.]

THE first case under the auspices of the Civil Government of the province of Benguet is now being held. The little room, not twenty by fourteen, in which justice is dispensed has in turn at various hours done duty as living-place, levee-room, and office for the Provincial Governor. In this chamber, whose walls are hung with krises, bolos, roughly carved oblong shields, hardwood-shafted double-barbed spears, and the feathery grass-made head-gear of the northern Busule or head-hunter, Western push and Eastern stagnation seem curiously to blend together.

Supported by perjured witnesses, the case in question is one of those trumped-up issues of the breeched against the unbreeched, the white linen trousers of demi-civilization versus the gee-string of ignorance. Spanish "justice" had been an ally of the Ilocano gambler and refugee from the neighboring province of La Union. He it was who robbed the unsophisticated Igorrote once for his own benefit and once for the account of his master.

Governor Whitmarsh, *ex officio* J. P. of the Province of Benguet, is presiding over the court in his embryo capital of Baguio, which at present is two days from anywhere. The ex-Boston merchant, ex-diver, ex-author and Outlook correspondent talks in English to Provincial Secretary Sheerer, ex-Igorrote recluse and ex-amateur geognostic, who translates the words into Spanish. Thence the parable is resumed in Ilocano by Imigdo Octaviano, the little weazened-up inspector. For the Igorrotes, failing to understand their previous legal and official language, a second interpreter is on hand to conjure with their own vernacular.

The Ilocano brigade are confident of victory. Their former holding of all the trump cards—plausibility, unmitigated impudence, and, above all, their past white rulers' avaricious sympathy—makes them bear themselves in the court-room with a jaunty air as though already anticipating the division of the spoil. Clad in spotless white shirts dangling outside their immaculate trousers which overtop tan-colored shoes, their thin, pliant fingers profusely covered with cheap jewelry, carefully groomed and glib of tongue, their appearance is in direct contradiction with that of the mountain men to whom they are opposed. These latter have no further confinement of dress than the gee-string, and on occasion a blanket worn with an innate dignity, while a colored handkerchief is bound around the forehead. Dimly, very dimly, it is dawning on their unexercised brains that a change of order has taken place, and that the American, now substituted for the Spaniard, is not invariably in the market to be bought by the highest bidder. Expectantly clustering around the table at which is seated the Governor, they anxiously weigh every word that falls from the interpreter's lips.

The case in question is, or has been, a typical one. The desire of four Ilocanos—Chagoul, Officina, Palaxa, and Alvarez—is to possess the two rice-fields of the old Igorrote woman Chown, the wife of the still more aged Pinas. How cleverly the quartette have hatched their little scheme by working on jealousy! Their tool is Inchec, stepdaughter to Chown. Pinas

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put away Inchec to marry her stepmother, divorce being but a desire so expressed and a killing of hogs or similar compensation on the part of an Igorrote husband. Igorrote affection is latent, the emotions being but the expression of a full or empty stomach, so Inchec did not hesitate, on the representation of the subtle four, to arraign her stepmother as guilty of retaining these rice-paddies willed to her (Inchec) on the death of her father Lintan.

Appearing in court with a baby strapped behind her, Inchec is not a houri of beauty. Her tousled black hair sprawls down over her shoulders in riotous confusion, its fringe rolling into her eyes. Her little pig-eyes are cast downward as, swinging with an uneasy motion from the hips, she tells her story against Pinas, who is the necessary butt through which to strike at Chown's chattels. Every now and again she twitches around herself the blue and gray (once white) blanket-dress of the Igorrote woman. Occasionally you come across an Igorrote woman who, though dirty, has a passable figure. In such a case the teagownlike blanket-dress, with the opera-hood attachment, gives a positively pleasant appearance to the eye. In the wake of Inchec's testimony follows that of the four intriguers. So far, the fact that the old order of things, with its ripe, pluckable plums, is now behind them forever has not yet dawned upon them. So, in giving vent to their evidence, they contradict each other with the utmost complacency, taking little heed that on cross-examination their tale hangs together as much as a sieve will hold water. Some interesting local color is furnished by Chagoul, the goggle-eyed, dressed in a black and white Christy minstrel suit. On a certain occasion, he says, some women of his (women, mark you, and not men!) were sent up to work on the contested fields. Again, he adds, about some cattle brought into the issue, that after the "death feast" it was impossible for him to say how many were left alive. Among the Igorrotes it is customary to eat of the dead man's stock for weeks and sometimes months. Strapped in a bamboo chair, the corpse presides over its own obsequies, with an ever-lit cigarette between the fingers, a silent host at this gorging contest until shriveled into a mummy by the pine-smoke curling beneath his dangling legs. Brisk Officina, with hair brushed up pompadour fashion, coolly and brazenly tells the court how one of Chown's paddy-fields had been bequeathed to him by Lintan three years ago. He is lured into saying that it is only for the last ten days that he has cultivated this self-same field, apparently oblivious of the fact that he is supposedly claiming it on the behalf of Inchec and not for himself.

Fortunately, the slow old Pinas, as bald of speech as of clothes, has a lawyer to speak on his behalf—a former captain of the English army and now a cattle-buyer. The awe inculcated in Pinas by his surroundings has effectually quelled all power of speech on his part. Finding the court to be not against her, if not with her, Chown, haggard and crowsfooted (an Igorrote woman's freshness fades with her early childhood), visibly brightens up, finally having to be checked for undue garrulity. Even the Igorrote interpreter has at times to requestion her in order to ascertain the sum and substance of her uncouth dialect.

Breathlessly the Igorrotes await a decision. Never in all their lives have they known a trial to extend itself to such a length. Hearing that the case is soon to be decided, others of the mountain race, leaving for the nonce their packs and farm implements outside the Governor's house, enter fearfully on tiptoe and gaze anxiously into his face. To a spectator no doubt the whole proceeding is very funny, but somehow nobody feels like laughing.

Then comes the verdict. According to Igorrote tradition, when a rich woman marries a poor man, her goods, on the death of her husband, at once revert to her. Rich Chown married poor Lintan; therefore the two rice-paddies were not his property to will to Inchec or anybody else. Igorrote tradition is evidently not without a certain fund of common sense. The dumfounded Ilocano coterie gaze at one another in amazement. The Governor rises to declare the court closed. There is a patter of naked feet, and the room once more is vacant. Before another sun-up, from northernmost Loo, perched five thousand feet high, to Sublam, bordering on La Union Province, swift runners will spread the welcome news of emancipation as complete as ever was meted out to the serfs of Russia.

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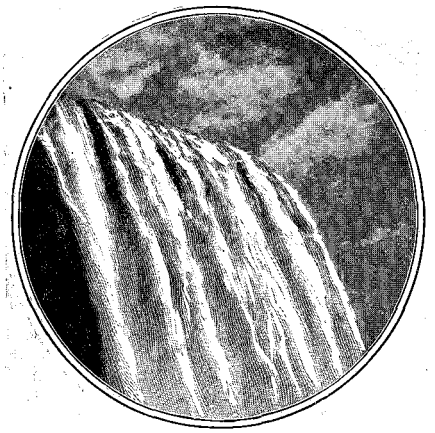

THE PASSING OF NIAGARA

BY MARY B. HARTT

TWO centuries and more ago, when Father Hennepin first came upon the "grand sault" of Niagara, it was set in a green solitude. Eagles, nesting in the high cedar-tops, circled screaming through the mists of the "Thunder of Waters." And only the Red Man saw and wondered.

Time has changed all that. Gone are the mighty cedars, and gone with them the strong-winged eagles. In place of the cedar has sprung up the telegraph-pole. In place of the screaming eagle has come the shrieking trolley-wire. In place of the solitary Red Man have come scurrying hordes of pale-faced picnickers. The sardine has entered Paradise.

But why complain? We move, in fine. And if we have swept away the poetry of the natural, have we not more than replaced it by the wordless poetry of a machine age? Come and see. Yonder is the Queen's—alas, no!—the King's Dominion. Where that smooth plain of greensward stretches along the top of the Canadian bluff, there was once a dense, luxuriant cedar-swamp. Mark you now the toy trolleys crawling from one glaring white post to another on the high cliff's brow. So they crawl, through leafy forests down the deep-carved gorge, all the way to Queenstown, and up to the lovely wooded Dufferin Islands lying in a sheltering elbow far up the hurrying river. Rough railway bridges cross the rushing water between these tiny islets, once an inviolate solitude, and till late strung together only by light footbridges.

So Canada. Now come with me across that graceful steel-arched bridge spanning the gorge, and let us, looking back from another country, behold what the Yankee has done with his heritage.

The mist-shrouded arch of the Horseshoe Fall draws our eyes irresistibly upstream. It depends now upon how far into the past we look whether we speak in praise or blame. Going back to the days of La Salle and Hennepin, or even to the opening years of the century just past, we shall miss the giant oaks and the dense thicket of young trees and luxuriant undergrowth which once fringed the river bank and covered what is now Prospect Park. But if, on the other hand, we look back only to the time immediately preceding the opening of the reservation, in 1885, we shall miss, with indescribable exultation, a thousand sordid blemishes of the scene. For the Reservation Commissioners, with the scanty resources at their command, have accomplished landscape miracles. Bath Island, once the site of an obtrusive paper-mill, which

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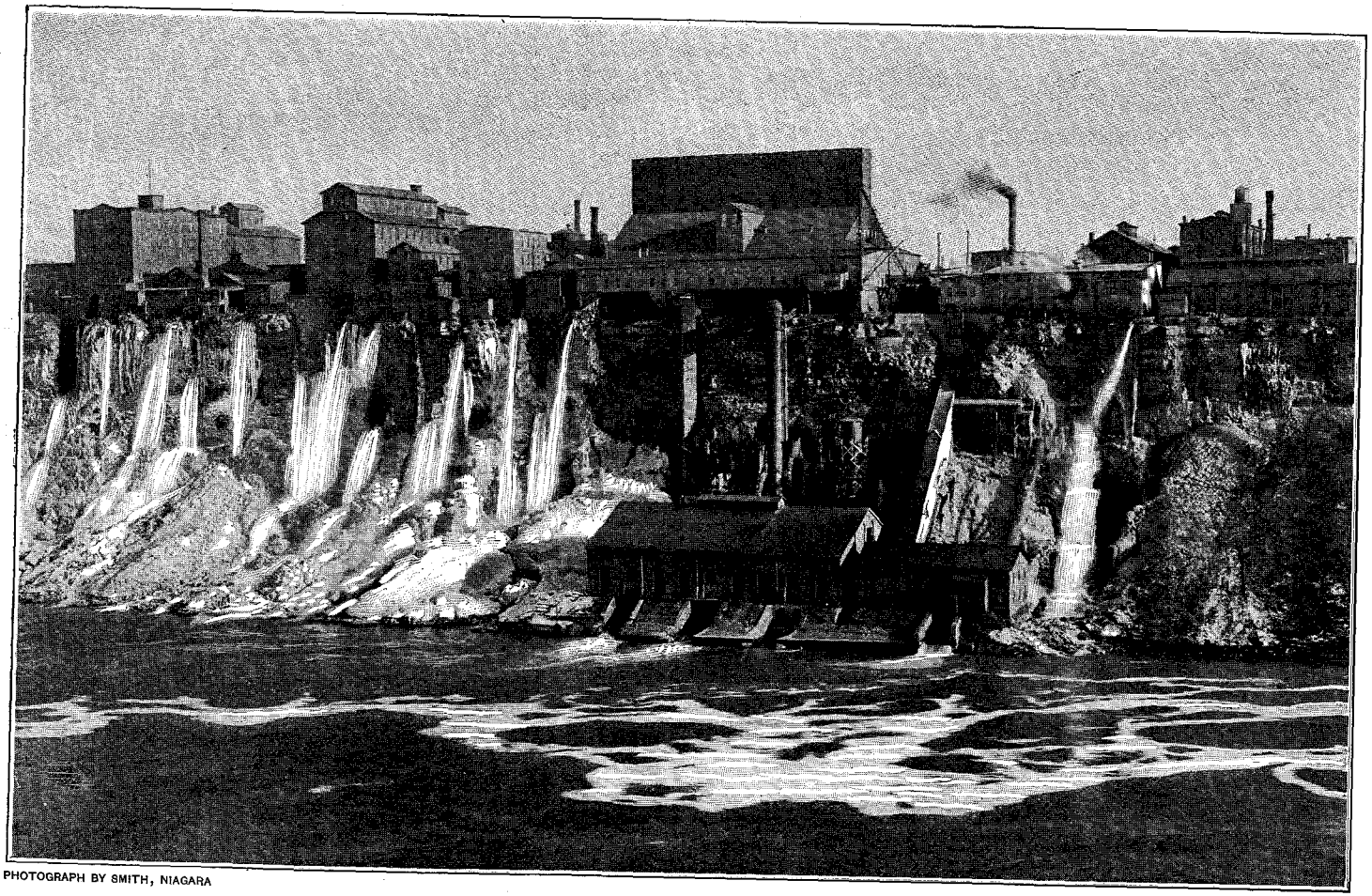

PHOTOGRAPH BY SMITH, NIAGARA

THE GREAT MILLS AT NIAGARA

These stand where the original "Bridal Veil" once flowed, as shown on the opposite page

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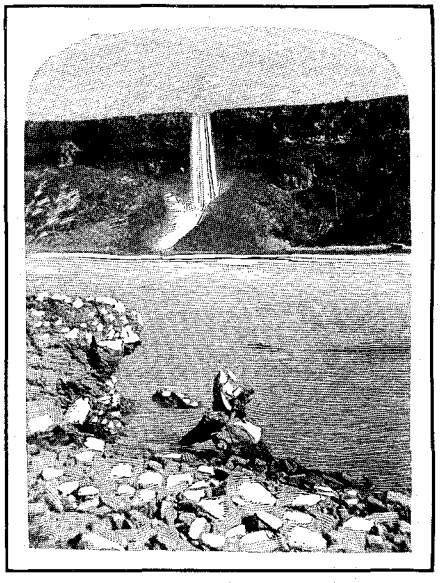
thrust its hideous sluiceways and wing-dams into the very heart of the tossing American Rapids, is now a stretch of smooth green turf, generously planted with nursling trees, the metamorphosed place being rechristened "Green Island." Bazaars, curio-shops, and tintype galleries, which had crowded themselves into the very spray of the Falls, overhanging the rapids, and monopolizing, where they did not altogether obscure, the finest views of the river, have been swept away. The river bank above the Falls, for many years disfigured with ice-houses, mills, and unsightly factories, has been cleared, and the shore line restored as far as possible to its natural wooded condition, though not, alas! to any semblance of the glory of its primeval forests. Time alone can reproduce the original beauty of that cruelly mutilated bank. But the Commissioners have given time every opportunity to get to work.



THE "BRIDAL VEIL" BEFORE DISFIGUREMENT

Below the American Fall, one seems to remember, a slender stream of water used to overleap the high cliff wall and dash itself to finest spray before it reached the rocks below. We called it the "Bridal Veil." Innocent though it looked, that film of water was the prophecy of mighty things to come, of wealth to the village of Niagara Falls, of ruin to Niagara's matchless gorge. For that slender stream was the outlet of the canal of the Hydraulic Power Company.

Look now for the innocent Bridal Veil. It has "multiplied itself by the hundred dozen." And alas for the cedar-grown, vine-draped cliff! Under the very shadow of the reservation, not two thousand feet from the plunge of the American Fall, huddles as foul and unsightly a milling village as ever dishonored a river's brink. Flush with the edge of the denuded cliff they stand, flouring-mills, aluminum works, breweries, and whatnot—hulking factories, advertisement-blazoned sheds, shapeless rookeries. Down the discolored face of the cliff run certain exaggerated stovepipes, painted Indian red, called penstocks, and certain toy caricatures of Niagara, contemptible driblets of waste water. On the naked débris-slope at the foot of the bluff, once clothed in the tenderest of mist-fed verdure, crouch two more factories, utilizing over again the water which has already turned the wheels of the mills above.

Instinctively one cries out in indignation, "Why is this allowed?" Allowed? Pray who is to prevent it? The cliff here is outside the jurisdiction of the reservation. Canada, rightly valuing her gorge, extended the line of official protection all the way down to Queenstown. The American Commissioners recommended, it is true, that the bluff as far as the whirlpool become a part of the State park, but, niggardly counsels prevailing, the gorge was abandoned to its fate.

Come, let us take one of these yellow trolleys and see what that fate has been. Fresh from the sight of the Canadian cliff, forest-crowned, and softly wooded to the very water's edge, we are scarcely prepared to relish the contrast between the Canadian and the American sides of the gorge. For, once as richly clothed as its vis-à-vis, the American cliff, where it is not wholly bald, has a ragged and moth-eaten appearance, the reverse of luxuriant. The forests have been torn from its summit for many a mile downstream; and it makes the matter no better to reflect that a mile strip of this bluff belongs to the Hydraulic Power Company, and that time will surely see it converted into a manufacturing district. From a point a little below the unbeautiful town of Suspension Bridge, a long, slanting line cuts athwart the steep face of the cliff from its summit to the water's edge. That is the trolley-track of the Gorge Railway. Certainly it

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adds nothing to the beauty of the bluff, and one has an uncomfortable suspicion that the building of that road may have been in large measure responsible for the nakedness of the cliff. Not altogether responsible, however, for quite obviously there have been landslides. Whether or not landslides have been more frequent since the road disturbed the bank it may be rash to inquire. In any case, we might forgive much to the Gorge Railway for the sake of the marvelous views it makes possible. What we cannot forgive is the gratuitous insult of the vast, glaring signboard stretched on the perpendicular bank, down which letters of heroic size go marching Japanese fashion into the gorge—GORGE ROAD. That style of advertising deserves to react unfavorably upon its perpetrators.

If we permit the trolley which brings us back up the gorge to carry us on to Chippewa, we shall have seen the last of Yankee outrages upon the river. For Chippewa, as well as the upper end of Goat Island, commands a view of the river above the American Rapids. It is not a beautiful view. Tall red chimneys rise over a flourishing colony of low red factories, and trailing clouds of soot stain the sky and the smooth reflecting surface of the river. That is the Upper Power Plant, with attendant factories, which occupies the site of the old historic Fort Schlosser, dating from 1762, and the still older French fort of Little Niagara.

So much for the desecration of the scenery of Niagara. Purely practical people, I know, are a bit contemptuous of such protests as mine, regarding the æsthetic loss of the power plants as more than offset by the commercial gain. "If you will have an omelet," say they (meaning thereby, if you will have electric power), "you must break some eggs." That might, perhaps, be excellent reasoning had not the State already invested some two and a half millions of dollars in Niagara for purely æsthetic purposes.

But be that as it may. The point which next demands our attention is strictly a practical one. If it is worth while to have a waterfall at all (and the State of New York would seem to stand committed to that position), then it is manifestly desirable to have water enough to go over the falls. Yet that is the precise point which the Legislature at Albany appears to have overlooked. For since 1886 it has been busily granting to all who asked practically unlimited right to divert the waters of the Niagara River above the Falls. Seven power companies have been organized since that date: The Niagara Falls Power Company, with the right to divert water sufficient to produce two hundred thousand horse-power, or 7,719,360 gallons per minute, or six per cent. of the total amount going over the Falls; the Lockport Water Supply Company, with the right to supply unlimited water to the city of Lockport and any town or village in Niagara County; the Niagara County Irrigation and Water Supply Company, with right to supply unlimited water to Lewiston and other cities and villages in the towns of Niagara, Lewiston, and Porter; the Lewiston Water Supply Company, amount unlimited; the Buffalo and Niagara Power Company, with the right to take unlimited water for domestic, sanitary, commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural purposes; the Model Town Company, with the right to divert by canal from La Salle an unlimited amount of water; and the Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario Power Company, authorized to supply water to Lockport and other villages and cities in Niagara, Erie, and Ontario Counties. And all these amazing privileges the open-handed State has dispensed without exacting so much as a penny in compensation for the enormously valuable franchises. It is no fault of the State Legislature that, for lack of capital or enterprise, some of these companies have allowed their charters to lapse, while others have been bought up by the Niagara Falls Power Company, so that but one company is in actual operation to-day—one, that is, besides the old Hydraulic Power Company, established in 1862, which originally held no grant from the State. In 1897, however, the thoughtful Legislature confirmed the claims of this company, thus intrenching behind impregnable rights that wretched milling village beside the Falls.

These two companies are at present taking from the Niagara River seven million three hundred thousand odd gallons of water per minute, or about six per cent. of the total flow over the Falls. When the Upper Company have exhausted their present limit, nine per cent. of the

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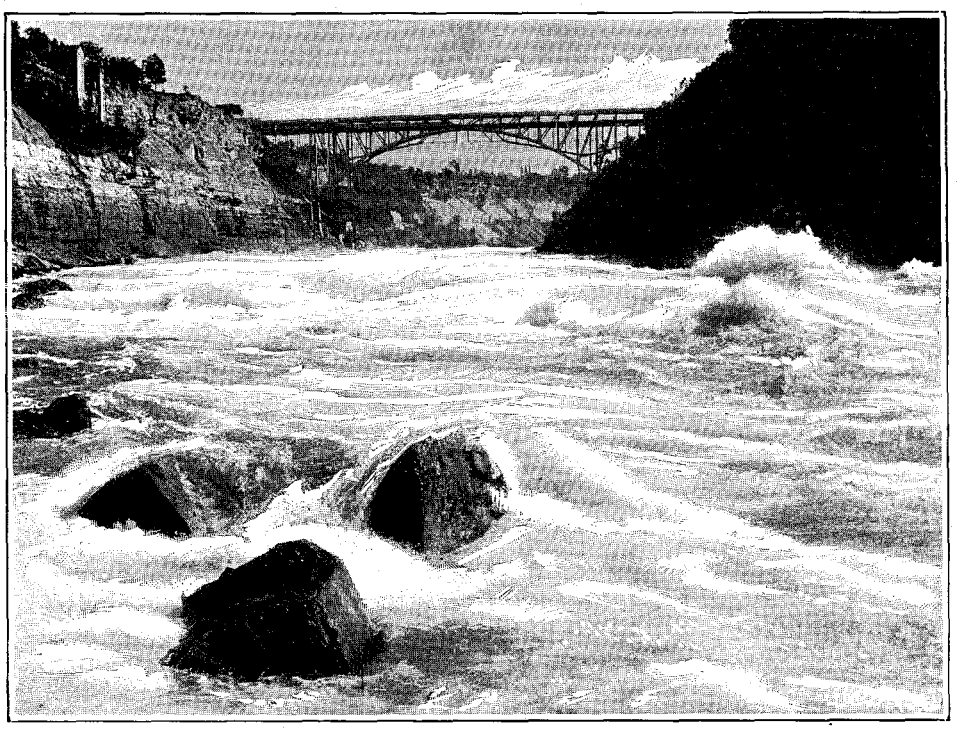
river's water will have been turned aside before it reaches the Falls.

And the effect on the Falls? Superficial observers readily convince themselves that there has been a distinctly noticeable decline in the volume of the American Fall. Experts, however, juggling with mean depths, velocities, and percentages, assure us that the diversion of water into the power tunnels and canals has not reduced the depth of the crest of the fall to an extent appreciable to the eye. And yet the superficial observers are right, too. The river *is* low, and in times of drought or unfavorable winds a phenomenally small amount of water goes over the American Fall. Proof of these lamentable facts are not wanting. For several years the lovely little fall between Goat Island and the first of the Sisters, known as the Hermit's Cascade, has been so nearly dry that last year it was necessary to deepen the channel above the cascade to restore the old volume of water and the original beauty of the fall. Furthermore, within the last few years alterations in the dock of the "Maid of the Mist" have been necessary to enable her to land her passengers when the river is low. During a heavy gale last October, laden vessels were unable to make their piers at Tonawanda, so low was the water, while at Niagara bare rocks showed through the breakers of the American Rapids.

Expert calculations forbidding us to lay all this at the door of the power companies, we must look further for an explanation. Six hundred miles further it appears; for the foe of Niagara is, if I mistake not, the Chicago Main Drainage Canal. Nor am I unsupported by expert testimony in this matter. Mr. Willis Moore, of the United States Weather Bureau, at the close of his official tour of the Great Lakes, declared emphatically that the effect of the opening of the Drainage Canal had been, not, as so often said, to lower the level of the lakes, but to diminish the amount of water going over Niagara Falls.

The thing is simple enough when you think of it. Picture to yourself the four upper lakes, which are practically on the



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THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS

Showing the nakedness of the American bluff in contrast to the richly wooded Canadian bluff.

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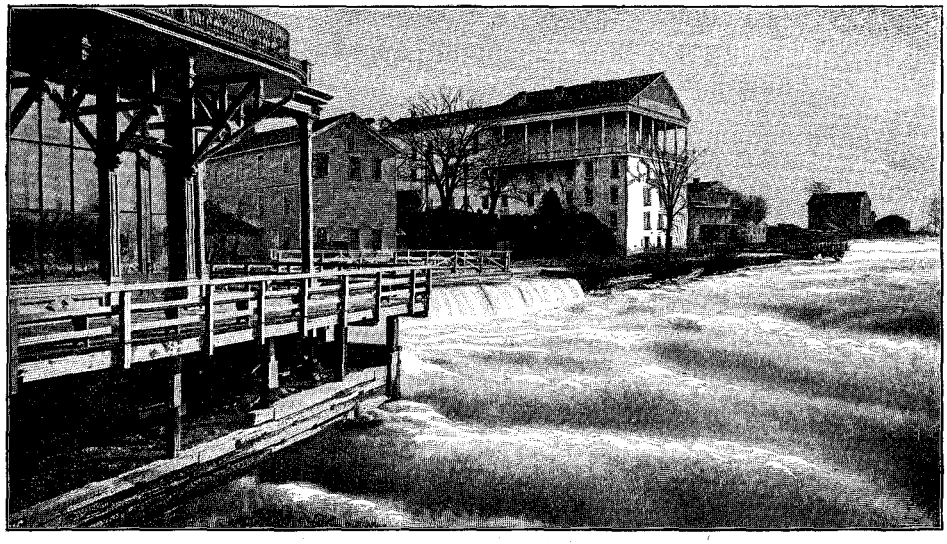

THE SHORE ABOVE THE ISLAND BRIDGE

Showing the condition in 1879, before the reforms of the Niagara Commissioners

same level, as a single great basin, forever full, forever receiving the discharge of rivers and streams, and forever overflowing through Niagara to Lake Ontario, three hundred and twenty-six feet below. Now, if you tap the basin at its upper side, the first effect will be to check the overflow. Not until the overflow has altogether ceased will the level of the great basin begin to sink. In a quite untechnical way, that is the case of the lakes. It is the old story of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and Niagara is the woeful Peter.

Unfortunately, robbing Peter is tempting business. Chicago, having successfully filched some three thousand cubic feet of water per minute, now plans to extend her Drainage Canal—already an artificial river forty miles long, twenty-six feet deep, and three hundred feet wide—sixty-six miles further to the Illinois River, pouring into it a stream which will swell it to sixteen times its present volume. Engineering objections seem likely at least to delay the completion of this plan, which involves a deepened river channel as far as Cairo, and from there a cross-country cut to the mouth of the Mississippi. But this is not all. Canada, in furtherance of her little plot to divert the commerce of the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence, proposes to carve out a deep waterway between Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River, thus shortening the lake route by five hundred miles. Add to these plans the scheme for a deep-water connection between the lakes and the Hudson, between Winnipeg Lake and Lake Superior, and between Toronto and Lake Huron; the demand of Pittsburg and Cincinnati to be made (by proxy of canals) lake ports; Wisconsin's plea for a canal across her borders from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi; the scheme to cut a canal from Lake Superior at Duluth to the Mississippi at Minneapolis—give all these lake-tappers, these meddlers with God's map, their way, and what would become of the Niagara River? As if this were not enough, the genius of modern engineering, beginning to see the evil results of the tapping process, proposes to mend the mischief by a plugging process. That is, they propose to raise the lowered level of the Great Lakes by damming the Niagara River at the head of the rapids, or at Buffalo, or both. Mr. Moore, whose lake wisdom I have already quoted, says that were the Niagara dammed so that the four upper lakes had no outflow, he does not believe that their level would be really affected. But whether or not the projected dam would raise the level of the lakes, it would assuredly lower the level of Niagara, and during the dry season at least practically drain Niagara Falls. The most hopeful feature of the case is the multitude of plotters and amateur geographers, for they cannot assuredly all be

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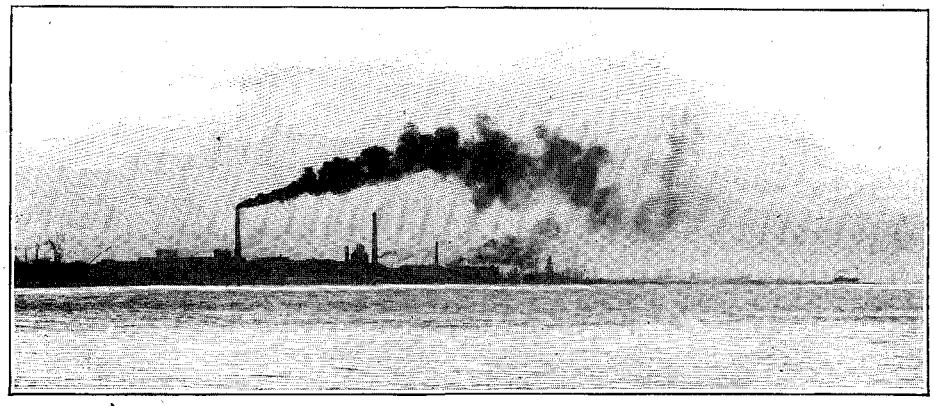
satisfied without making of our inland seas a great American desert. The time must come when an international protest will call a halt. But will it come soon enough to save Niagara?

Although their foster fathers at Albany have cast them off, the falls are not altogether without friends. The men who fought so valiantly for the rescue of Niagara from swindlers and showmen in 1884–5 are fighting as valiantly now for the river's very existence. Perhaps Niagara Falls has no more whole-hearted champion than the venerable President of the Commission of the State Reservation—Andrew H. Green, the "father of Central Park." From the first he has strenuously opposed all encroachments upon the reservation and all injuries to the river. First it was the Gorge Railway, which proposed to cut the débris slope within the limits of the reservation. Then, in 1889, it was the Hydraulic Power Company, which asked of the Legislature the right to place turbines in the very heart of the American Fall. They proposed to turn aside the water where it rolls over the precipice at Prospect Park; then, by blasting, to construct a vault or cave in the rock and behind the fall. Here were to be placed dynamos to be operated by water descending through a tube or well upon turbine wheels. That audacious proposition was actually reported favorably in both Houses, but it was side-tracked for that session and eventually defeated. From the granting of the charter of the Niagara Falls Power Company in 1886, the Commissioners have exhausted themselves in efforts to persuade the lawmakers that they had no right to grant away without compensation what belonged to the people, and that by so doing they were endangering the very existence of the Falls of Niagara. But to no purpose. Almost every session saw the passage of fresh grants. Convinced at last that the Legislature was completely under the influence of the corporations, Mr. Green pushed his efforts further back. In 1894 a convention was held to revise the State Constitution, and to this body Mr. Green offered a resolution looking toward the appointment of a committee to consider the advisability of an amendment to the Constitution preventing the diversion of Niagara's water above the Falls. The resolution passed; the committee was appointed, and, after investigation, presented to the Convention a vigorous and convincing report, calling the attention of that body to the fact that the reservation had cost the State $2,500,000, that not a penny of revenue was accruing to the State from the valuable franchises granted, and protesting that "if corporate and individual ambition be not checked and made subject to public rights, there was certainly danger that the Falls of Niagara, like the Falls of Minnehaha, may live in the tradition of song and story, but will be sadly deficient in the amount of water flowing over their brink;" and closed by proposing an amendment restraining the Legislature from granting to corporations or individuals the right to divert the waters of the Upper Niagara. Through the extraordinary efforts of the corporations interested, this amendment was defeated.

Disappointed, but by no means crushed,



THE GREAT MILLS AT A DISTANCE

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Mr. Green rallied his forces and carried his case to a higher court. Since the Legislature would not restrain the corporations, nor the revisional convention the Legislature, there was no resource save an appeal to the Federal Government. Realizing, however, that restrictive action on this side the river would but serve to drive the corporations across into Canada, where a grant of two hundred thousand horse-power has already been made, it was not only for National but for international intervention that he looked.

But even should an international protectorate be established, one mighty threat would still overhang Niagara. For not only man but Nature is in conspiracy against her. This continent of ours, this firm and solid hemisphere, is gradually, leisurely tilting—rising on the north and east, and falling on the south and west. Eventually, unless the continent should change its mind, the Great Lakes will be forced to seek a new outlet by way of the Illinois River to the Mississippi, and the Niagara River will be dry. The continent is in no hurry about it. Scientific schedules vary so that one cannot be very precise. But about two thousand years from now the Illinois River and the Niagara will compete about equally for the waters of the lakes. Twenty-five hundred years from now Niagara will have but an intermittent flow, and in three thousand years the current in the Detroit and St. Mary's Rivers will be reversed; Lake Erie will flow into Lake Huron, Lake Huron into Lake Michigan, and the Niagara River will be a thing of the past. With the aid of artificial canals, it is even possible that this result may be brought about more speedily.

Niagara, together with scores of other beautiful and picturesque things in this prosaic world of ours, is passing. Saved from the hands of the catchpenny sharper, it has fallen into the hands of the catch-million capitalist. Rescued from the toils of a commercial conspiracy, it will but vanish under the pitiless processes of Nature.

However, the mighty geologic clock which ticks off the centuries and strikes the æons is set to a more majestic beat than the tiny pulse of human life. If we can save Niagara for our children's children's children, it is worth fighting for. Even should the friendly measure become a law, it may require a vigorous public sentiment to see to its enforcement. Past experience would seem to indicate that the power companies will get about what they want about when they want it. And if, as the perfection of electrical science makes a cheapened power more widely in demand, the power companies want what is distinctly prejudicial to an already lowered river, it will be well even for an international commission to have the reinforcement of an awakened public opinion. The coming summer, with its exposition on the Niagara frontier, will give millions of people of the United States and Canada an opportunity to see for themselves what is going on at the Falls, and to form their own opinion of the merits of the case. Every effort will be made to confine the visitor's attention to the vast commercial significance of the "harnessing of Niagara." But if the people refuse to be hypnotized by the talk about water-power going to waste, etc., they will meet the commercial spirit with the commercial spirit, saying, "Behold all this horse-power going to waste! In New England they charge for the use of river water at the rate of $25 to $75 per horse-power. At the rate of even *five* dollars per horse-power, the water running through these power tunnels and canals ought to bring the State a million dollars a year, enough to pay for the State Reservation in two years and a half. The gentlemen of these corporations do not own the river. Nor is it a public stream. It is in a legal sense a navigable river, and as such the property of the State of New York, under control (for it is also an international boundary) of the Federal Government. Moreover, in a peculiar sense the Falls of Niagara and Niagara's gorge belong, not to New York State, nor even to the United States and Canada, but to the whole world. America and Canada are joint trustees of the unique legacy of the ice age. The world applauds to-day their public-spirited administration of the trust. But if they permit private individuals, for their own private profit, or individual States for the avowed benefit of commerce, to rob Niagara of all that makes a reservation worth having, they will deservedly win the derision of nations.

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Countess Tolstoï

When Dickens wrote "Our Mutual Friend," his description of the life of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin was thought to be by many the best part of that book. It will be remembered by all Dickens lovers that Mr. Boffin's part of the house was scantily furnished, but that Mrs. Boffin's was distinguished by a rich Turkey carpet and other luxuries which accorded with that lady's personal proclivities in living. As her husband fondly said, she was "a highflyer at fashion." Judging from the accounts of a recent visitor to Russia, the same distinction apparently characterizes Count and Countess Tolstoï. This visitor describes his interview with the celebrated novelist and reformer. Count Tolstoï was in peasant dress and received his guest in a plainly furnished study; but when later they went into the reception-room, they found Countess Tolstoï magnificent in court costume, and the ladies with her similarly attired. These things are, however, mere matters of taste, and from the events of the past month it would seem that Countess Tolstoï has a peculiar right to be heard and honored by every one. Her husband's excommunication from the Greco-Russian Church gave her an opportunity of issuing a profoundly moving public letter, upon which The Outlook has already commented. She closes this letter as follows: "God will be lenient to those who even outside the Church have lived a life of humility, renunciation of the good things of this world, love, and devotion. His pardon is surer for them than for those whose miters and decorations sparkle with precious stones, but who strike and expel from the Church those over whom they are set as pastors. Hypocrisy would vainly distort my words, for good faith does not err in judging people's real intentions."

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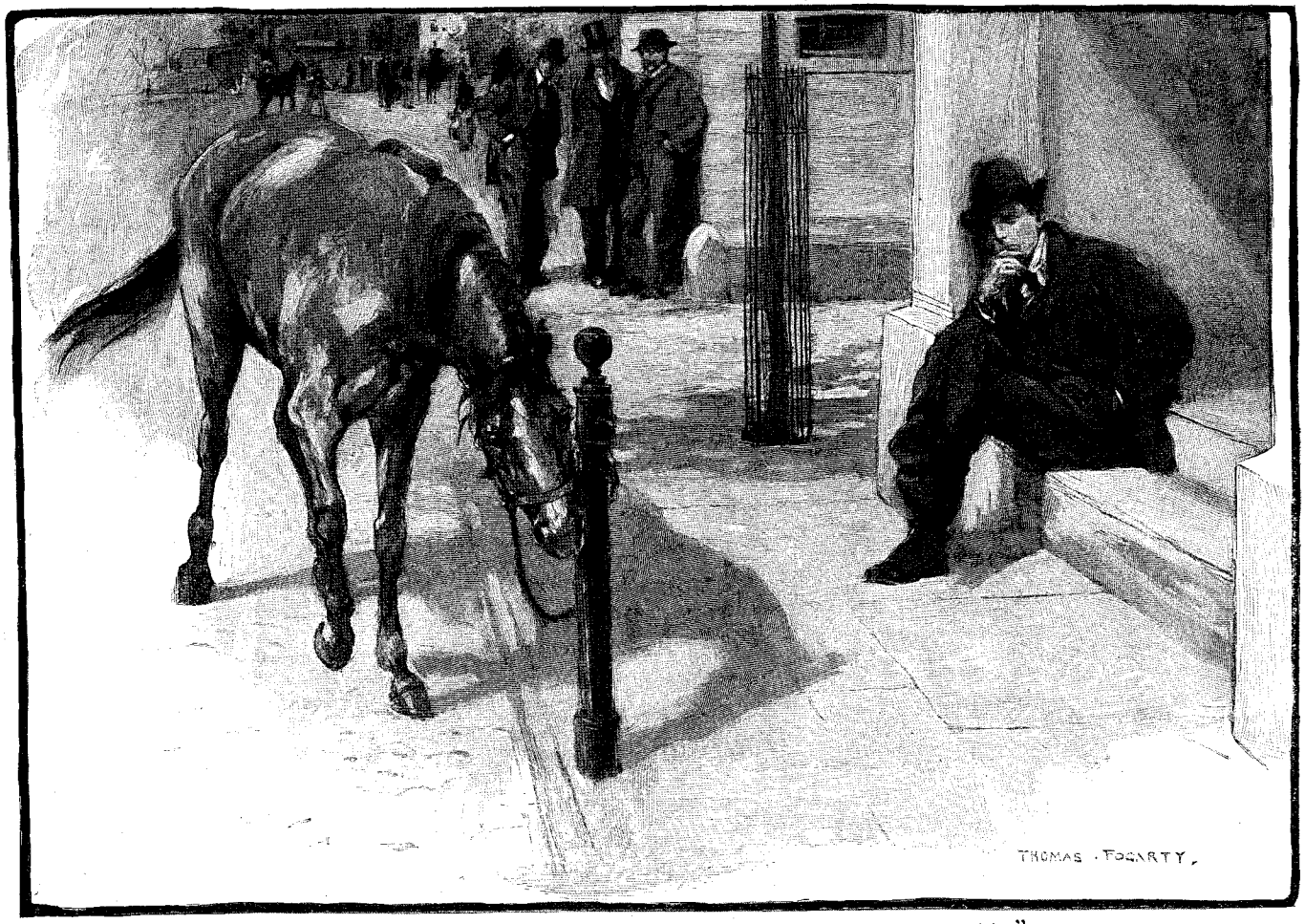

"THE WIDE WORLD SEEMED SUDDENLY A COLD AND FAR-OFF PLACE"

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

With Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

Chapter V.—A Start at Last

SOMEWHAT suddenly and quite unexpectedly, a business career opened for me that winter. Once I had tried to crowd into it uninvited, but the result was not good. It was when I had observed that, for the want of the window reflectors which were much in use in the old country, American ladies were at a disadvantage in their homes in not being able to make out undesirable company at a distance, themselves unseen, and conveniently forgetting that they were "in." This civilizing agency I set about supplying forthwith. I made a model and took it to a Yankee business man, to whom I explained its use. He listened attentively, took the model, and said he had a good mind to have me locked up for infringing the patent laws of other lands; but because I had sinned from ignorance he would refrain. His manner was so impressive that he really made me uneasy lest I had broken some kind of a law I knew not of. From the fact that not long after window reflectors began to make their appearance in Buffalo, I infer that, whatever the enactment, it did not apply to natives, or else that he was a very fearless man, willing to take the risk from which he would save me—a sort of commercial philanthropist. However, by that time I had other things to think of, being a drummer and a very energetic one.

It came about in this way: some countryman of mine had started a co-operative furniture-factory in Jamestown, where there were water-power and cheap lumber. They had no capital, but just below was the oil country, where everybody had money, slathers of it. New wells gushed every day, and boom towns were springing up along the Alleghany valley. Men were streaming into it from all over, and needed furniture. If once they got the grip in that country, reasoned the furniture-makers, they would get rich quickly with the rest. The thing was to get it. To do that they needed a man who could talk. Perhaps they remembered the creation of the world the year before. At all events, they sent up to Buffalo and asked me if I would try.

I slammed my tool-box shut and started for Jamestown on the next train. Twenty-four hours later saw me headed for the oil country, equipped with a mighty album and a price-list. The album contained pictures of the furniture I had for sale. All the way down I studied the price-list, and when I reached Titusville I knew to a cent what it cost my employers per foot to make ash extension tables. I only wish they had known half as well.

My first customer was a grumpy old shopkeeper who needed neither tables nor bedsteads, so he said. But I had thought it all over and made up my mind that the first blow was half the battle. Therefore I knew better. I pushed my album under his nose, and it fell open at the extension tables. Cheap, I said, and rattled off the price. I saw him prick up his ears, but he only growled that probably they were no good.

What! my extension tables no good? I dared him to try them, and he gave me an order for a dozen, but made me sign an agreement that they were to be every way as represented. I would have backed my tables with an order for the whole shop, so sure was I that they could not be beaten. The idea! With the fit of righteous indignation upon me, I went out and sold every other furniture-dealer in Titusville a bill of tables; not one of them escaped. At night, when I had sent the order home, I set out for Oil City, so as to lose no valuable time.

It was just the same there. For some reason they were suspicious of the

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extension tables, yet they wanted nothing else. I had to give ironclad guarantees that they were as represented, which I did impatiently enough. There was a thunderstorm raging at the time. The lightning had struck a tank, and the burning oil ran down a hill and set the town on fire. One end of it was burning while I was canvassing the other, mentally calculating how many extension tables would be needed to replace those that were lost. People did not seem to have heard of any other kind of furniture in that country. Walnut bedsteads, marble-top bureaus, turned washstands—they passed them all by to fall upon the tables with shrill demand. I made out their case to suit the facts, as I swept down through that region, scattering extension tables right and left. It was the excitement, I reasoned, the inrush of population from everywhere; probably everybody kept boarders, more every day; had to extend their tables to seat them. I saw a great opportunity and resolutely grasped it. If it was tables they wanted, tables it should be. I let all the rest of the stock go and threw myself on the tables exclusively. Town after town I filled with them. Night after night the mails groaned under the heavy orders for extension tables I sent north. From Allegheny City alone an order of a thousand dollars' worth from a single reputable dealer went home, and I figured in my note-book that night a commission of $50 for myself plus my salary.

I could know nothing of the despatches that were hot on my trail ever since my first order came from Titusville, telling me to stop, let up on the tables, come home, anything; there was a mistake in the price. They never overtook me. My pace was too hot for that. Anyhow, I doubt if I would have paid any attention to them. I had my instructions and was selling according to orders. Business was good, getting better every day. The firm wrote to my customers, but they merely sent back copies of the ironclad contract. They had seen my instructions, and they knew it was all right. It was not until I brought up, my last penny gone, in Rochester, near the Ohio line, that the firm established communication with me at last. Their instructions were brief; to come home and sell no more tables. They sent ten dollars, but gave me no clue to their curious decision, with things booming as they were.

Being in the field, I considered that, whatever was up, I had a better command of the situation. I decided that I would not go home, at least not until I had sold a few more extension tables while they were in such demand. I made those ten dollars go farther than ten dollars ever went before. They took me a little way into Ohio, to Youngstown, and then back to Pennsylvania, to Warren and Meadville and Corry. My previous training in going hungry for days came in handy at last. In the interests of commerce, I let my dinners go. So I was enabled to make a final dash to Erie, where I planted my last batch of tables before I went home, happy.

I got home in time to assist in the winding up of the concern. The ironclad contracts had done the business. My customers would not listen to explanations. When told that the price of those tables was lower than the cost of working up the wood, they replied that it was none of their business. They had their contracts. The Alleghany man threatened suit, if I remember rightly, and the firm gave up. Nobody blamed me, for I had sold according to orders; but instead of $450 which I had figured out as my commission, I got seventy-five cents. It was half of what my employer had. He divided squarely, and I could not in reason complain.

I sat in the restaurant where he had explained the situation to me, and tried to telescope my ambitions down to the seventy-five-cent standard, when my eyes fell upon a copy of "Harper's Weekly" that lay on the table. Absent-mindedly I read an advertisement in small type, spelling it over idly while I was trying to think what to do next.

"Wanted," it read, "by the Myers Manufacturing Company, agents to sell a patent flat and fluting iron. Samples, 75 cents."

The address was somewhere in John Street, New York. Samples 75 cents! I repeated it mechanically. Why, that was just the size of my pile. And right in my line of canvassing, too! In ten minutes it was on the way to New York and I had secured a provisional customer in the cook at the restaurant for an iron that

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"ONE END OF THE TOWN WAS BURNING WHILE I WAS CANVASSING THE OTHER"

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would perform what this one promised, iron the skirt and flute the flounce too. In three days the iron came and proved good. I started in canvassing Jamestown with it, and in a week had secured orders for one hundred and twenty, upon which my profit would be over $80. Something of business ways must have stuck to me after all from my one excursion into the realm of trade; for when it came to delivering the goods and I had no money, I went boldly to a business man whose wife was on my books, and offered, if he would send for the irons, to pay for them as I took them out of the store. He made no bones about it, but sent for the irons and handed them over to me to pay for when I could. So men are made. Commercial character, as it is rated on 'change, I had none before that; but I had after. How could I disappoint a man like that?

The confidence of the community I had not lost through my too successful trip as a drummer, at all events. Propositions came speedily to me to "travel in" pianos and pumps for local concerns. It never rains but it pours. An old schoolmate who had been ordained a clergyman wrote to me from Denmark to find him a charge among the Danish settlements out West. But neither pumps, pianos, nor parsons had power to swerve me from my chosen course. With them went bosses and orders; with the flat-iron cherished independence. When I had sold out Jamestown, I made a bee-line for Pittsburg, a city that had taken my fancy because of its brisk business ways. They were brisk indeed. Grant's second campaign for the Presidency was in full swing. On my second night in town I went to hear Horace Greeley address an open-air meeting. I can see his noble old head yet above the crowd, and hear his opening appeal. Farther I never got. A marching band of uniformed shouters for Grant had cut right through the crowd. As it passed I felt myself suddenly seized; an oilcloth cape was thrown over my head, a campaign cap jammed after, and I found myself marching away with a torch on my shoulder to the tune of a brass band just ahead. How many others of Mr. Greeley's hearers fared as I did I do not know. The thing seemed so ludicrous (and if I must march I really cared very little whether it was for Greeley or Grant) that I stuck it out, hoping as we went to come somewhere upon my hat, which had been lost in the sudden attack; but I never saw it again.

Speaking of parading, my old desire to roam, that kept cropping out at intervals, paid me a characteristic trick at this time. I was passing through a horse-market when I saw a fine-looking, shapely young horse put up at what seemed a ridiculously low price. Eighteen dollars was the bid, and it was about to be knocked down at that. The October sun was shining warm and bright. A sudden desire to get on the horse and ride out into the wide world, away from the city and the haunts of men, never to come back, seized me. I raised the bid to nineteen dollars. Almost before I knew, the beast was knocked down to me and I had paid over the money. It left me with exactly six dollars to my name.

Leading the animal by the halter, I went down the street and sat on the stoop of the Robinson House to think. With every step perplexities I hadn't thought of sprang up. In the first place, I could not ride. I had always wanted to, but had never learned. Even if I had been able to, where was I going, and to do what? I couldn't ride around and sell flat-irons. The wide world seemed suddenly a cold and far-off place, and six dollars but small backing in an attack upon it, with a hungry horse waiting to be fed. That was only too evident. The beast was tearing the hitching-post with its teeth in a way that brooked no delay. Evidently it had a healthy appetite. The conclusion was slowly dawning upon me that I had made a fool of myself, when the man who had bid eighteen dollars came by and saw me sitting there. He stopped to ask what was the matter, and I told him frankly. He roared, and gave me eighteen dollars for the beast. I was glad enough to give it up. I never owned a horse before or since, and I had that less than fifteen minutes; but it was the longest quarter of an hour since I worked in the coal-mine.

The flat-iron did not go in Pittsburg. It was too cheap. During a brief interval I peddled campaign books, but shortly found a more expensive iron, and had five counties in western Pennsylvania allotted to me as territory. There followed a winter of great business. Before it was

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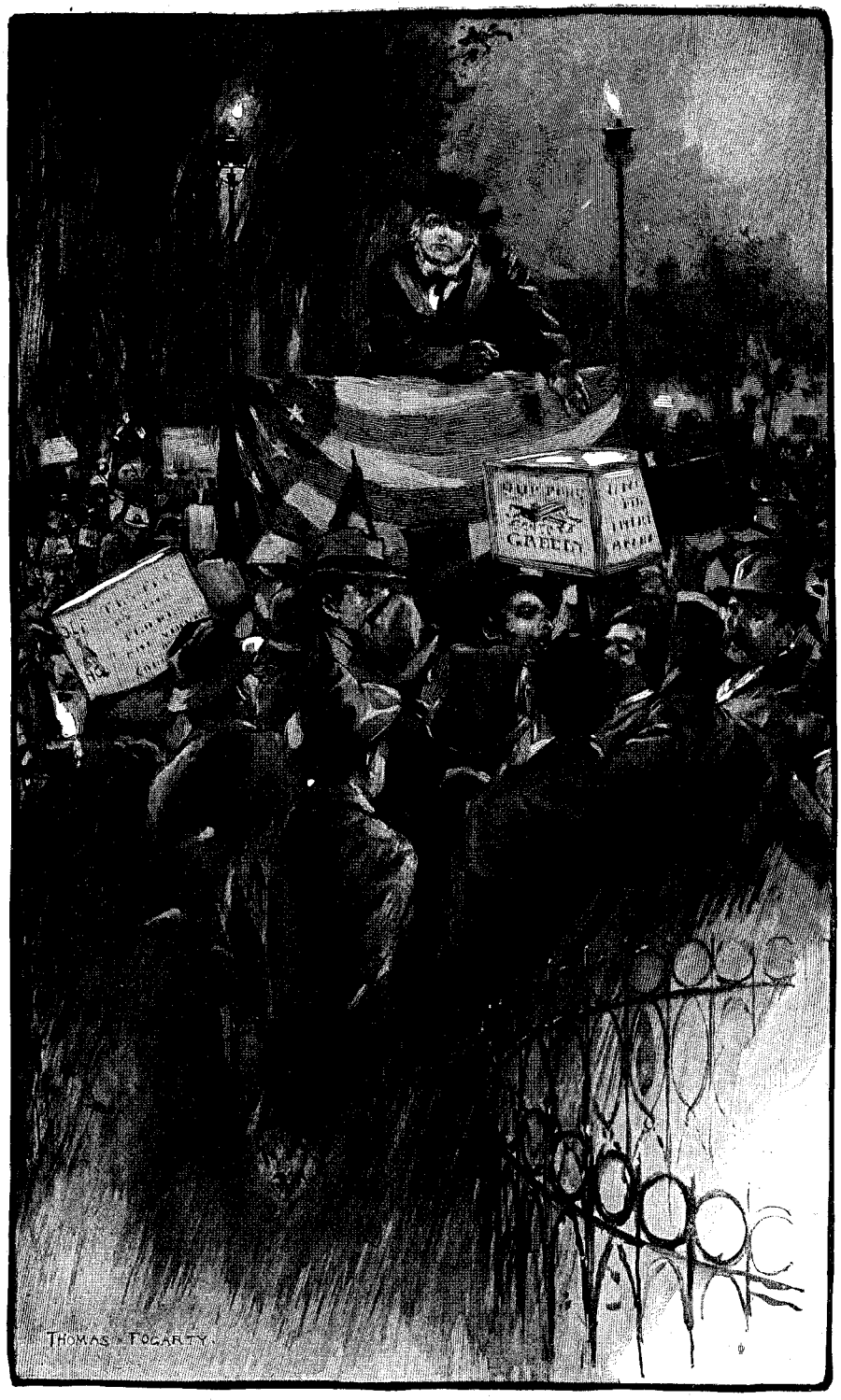

"I WENT TO HEAR HORACE GREELEY ADDRESS AN OPEN-AIR MEETING"

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half over I had achieved a bank account, though how I managed it is a mystery to me till this day. Simple as the reckoning of my daily trade ought to be, by no chance could I ever make it foot up as it should. I tried honestly every night, but the receipts would never square with the expenditures, do what I might. I kept them carefully apart in different pockets, but mixed they would get in spite of all. I had to call it square, however far the footing was out of the way, or sit up all night, which I would not. I remember well the only time I came out even. I was so astonished that I would not believe it, but had to go all over the account again. That night I slept the sleep of the just. The next morning, when I was starting out on my route with a clean conscience and a clean slate, a shopkeeper rapped on his window as I went by to tell me that I had given him the previous day a twenty-dollar bill for a ten, in making change. After that I gave up trying.

I was no longer alone. From Buffalo my old chum Ronne had come, hearing that I was doing well, to join me, and from Denmark an old schoolfellow whose life at twenty-two had been wrecked by drink and who wrote begging to be allowed to come. His mother pleaded for him too, but it was not needed. He had inclosed in his letter the strongest talisman of all, a letter written by Elizabeth in the long ago when we were children together. I have it yet. He came, and I tried hard to break him of his failing. But I had undertaken a job that was too big for me. Upon my return from a Western trip I found that he had taken to drinking again, and in his cups had enlisted. His curse followed him into the army. He rose to the rank of sergeant, only to fall again and suffer degradation. The other day he shot himself at the post where he was stationed, after nearly thirty years of service. Yet in all his ups and downs he never forgot his home. While his mother lived he helped support her in far-off Denmark; and when she was gone, no month passed that he did not send home the half of his wages for the support of his crippled sister in the old town. Charles was not bad. He was a poor, helpless, unhappy boy, who came to me for help and I had none to give. God pity him and me.

The Western trip I spoke of was my undoing. Puffed up by my success as a salesman, I yielded in an evil hour to the blandishments of my manufacturers and accepted the general agency of the State of Illinois, with headquarters in Chicago. It sounded well, but it did not work well. Chicago had not yet got upon its feet after the great fire; and its young men were too sharp for me. In six weeks they had cleaned me out bodily, had run away with my irons and with money they borrowed of me to start them in business. I returned to Pittsburg as poor as ever, to find that the agents I had left behind in my Pennsylvania territory had dealt with me after the same fashion. The firm for which I worked had connived at the frauds. My friends had left me. The one I spoke of was in the army. Ronne had given up in discouragement, and was at work in a rolling-mill. In the utter wreck of all my hopes I was alone again.

Angry and sore, I went up the Alleghany River, with no definite purpose in mind except to get away from everybody I knew. At Franklin I fell ill with a sneaking fever. It was while I lay helpless in a lonely tavern by the riverside that the crushing blow fell. Letters from home, sent on from Pittsburg, told me that Elizabeth was to be married. A cavalry officer who was in charge of the border police, a dashing fellow and a good soldier, had won her heart. The wedding was to be in the summer. It was then the last week in April. At the thought I turned my face to the wall, and hoped that I might die.

But one does not die of love at twenty-four. The days that passed slowly saw me leave my sick-bed and limp down to the river on sunny days, to sit and watch the stream listlessly for hours, hoping nothing, grasping nothing, except that it was all over. In all my misadventures that was the one thing I had never dreamed of. If I did, I as quickly banished the thought as preposterous. That she should be another's bride seemed so utterly impossible that, sick and feeble as I was, I laughed it to scorn even then; whereat I fell to reading the fatal letter again, and trying to grasp its meaning. It made it all only the more perplexing that I should not know who he was, or what he was. I had never heard of him before, in that town where I thought I knew every living

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soul. That he must be a noble fellow I knew, or he could not have won her; but who—why—what—what had come over everything in such a short time, and what was this ugly dream that was setting my brain awhirl and shutting out the sunlight and the day? Presently I was in a relapse, and it was all darkness to me, and oblivion.

When at last I got well enough to travel, I set my face toward the east, and journeyed on foot through the northern coal regions of Pennsylvania by slow stages, caring little whither I went, and earning just enough by peddling flat-irons to pay my way. It was spring when I started; the autumn tints were on the leaves when I brought up in New York at last, as nearly restored as youth and the long tramp had power to do. But the restless energy that had made of me a successful salesman was gone. I thought only, if I thought at all, of finding some quiet place where I could sit and see the world go by that concerned me no longer. With the vague notion of being sent into the farthest wilds as an operator, I went to a business college on Fourth Avenue and paid twenty dollars to learn telegraphing. It was the last money I had. I attended the school in the afternoon. In the morning I peddled flat-irons, earning money for my board, and so made out.

One day, while I was so occupied, I saw among the "want" advertisements in a newspaper one offering the position of city editor on a Long Island City weekly to a competent man. Something of my old ambition stirred within me. It did not occur to me that city editors were not usually obtained by advertising, still less that I was not competent, having only the vaguest notions of what the functions of a city editor might be. I applied for the job, and got it at once. Eight dollars a week was to be my salary; my job, to fill the local column and attend to the affairs of Hunter's Point and Blissville generally, politics excluded. The editor attended to that. In twenty-four hours I was hard at work writing up my then most ill-favored bailiwick. It is none too fine yet, but in those days, when every nuisance crowded out of New York found refuge there, it stunk to heaven.

Certainly I had entered journalism by the back door, very far back at that, when I joined the staff of the "Review." Signs of that appeared speedily, and multiplied day by day. On the third day of my employment I beheld the editor-in-chief being thrashed down the street by an irate coachman whom he had offended, and when, in a spirit of loyalty, I would have cast in my lot with him, I was held back by one of the printers with the laughing statement that that was his daily diet and that it was good for him. That was the only way any one ever got any satisfaction or anything else out of him. Judging from the goings on about the office in the two weeks I was there, he must have been extensively in debt to all sorts of people who were trying to collect. When, on my second deferred pay-day, I met him on the stairs, propelled by his washerwoman, who brought her basket down on his head with every step he took, calling upon the populace (the stairs were outside the building) to witness just punishment meted out to him for failing to pay for the washing of his shirts, I rightly concluded that the city editor's claim stood no show. I left him owing me two weeks' pay, but I freely forgive him. I think I got my money's worth of experience. I did not let grass grow under my feet as "city editor." Hunter's Point had received for once a thorough raking over, and I my first lesson in hunting the elusive item and, when found, making a note of it.

Except for a Newfoundland pup which some one had given me, I went back over the river as poor as I had come. The dog proved rather a doubtful possession as the days went by. Its appetite was tremendous, and its preference for my society embarrassingly unrestrained. It would not be content to sleep anywhere else than in my room. If I put it out in the yard, it forthwith organized a search for me in which the entire neighborhood was compelled to take part, willy-nilly. Its manner of doing it boomed the local trade in hair-brushes and mantel bric-à-brac, but brought on complications with the landlord in the morning that usually resulted in the departure of Bob and myself for other pastures. Part with him I could not; for Bob loved me. Once I tried, when it seemed that there was no choice. I had been put out for perhaps the tenth time, and I had no more money

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left to provide for our keep. A Wall Street broker had advertised for a watch-dog, and I went with Bob to see him. But when he would have counted the three gold pieces he offered into my hand, I saw Bob's honest brown eyes watching me with a look of such faithful affection that I dropped the coins as if they burned, and caught him about the neck to tell him that we would never part. Bob put his huge paws on my shoulders, licked my face, and barked such a joyous bark of challenge to the world in general that even the Wall Street man was touched.

"I guess you are too good friends to part," he said. And so we were.

We left Wall Street and its gold behind to go out and starve together. Literally we did that in the days that followed. I had taken to peddling books, an illustrated Dickens issued by the Harpers, but I barely earned enough by it to keep life in us and a transient roof over our heads. I call it transient because it was rarely the same two nights together, for causes which I have explained. In the day Bob made out rather better than I. He could always coax a supper out of the servant at the basement gate by his curvetings and tricks, while I pleaded vainly and hungrily with the mistress at the front door. Dickens was a drug in the market. A curious fatality had given me a copy of "Hard Times" to canvass with. I think no amount of good fortune could turn my head while it stands in my bookcase. One look at it brings back too vividly that day when Bob and I had gone, desperate and breakfastless, from the last bed we might know for many days, to try to sell it and so get the means to keep us for another twenty-four hours.

It was not only breakfast we lacked. The day before we had had only a crust together. Two days without food is not good preparation for a day's canvassing. We did the best we could. Bob stood by and wagged his tail persuasively while I did the talking; but luck was dead against us, and "Hard Times" stuck to us for all we tried. Evening came and found us down by the Cooper Institute, with never a cent. Faint with hunger, I sat down on the steps under the illuminated clock, while Bob stretched himself at my feet. He had beguiled the cook in one of the last houses we called at, and his stomach was filled. From the corner I had looked on enviously. For me there was no supper, as there had been no dinner and no breakfast. To-morrow there was another day of starvation. How long was this to last? Was it any use to keep up a struggle so hopeless? From this very spot I had gone, hungry and wrathful, three years before when the dining Frenchmen for whom I wanted to fight thrust me forth from their company. Three wasted years! Then I had one cent in my pocket, I remembered. To-day I had not even so much. I was bankrupt in hope and purpose. Nothing had gone right; nothing would ever go right; and, worse, I did not care. I drummed moodily upon my book. Wasted! Yes, that was right. My life was wasted, utterly wasted.

A voice hailed me by name, and Bob sat up, looking attentively at me for his cue as to the treatment of the owner of it. I recognized in him the principal of the telegraph school where I had gone until my money gave out. He seemed suddenly struck by something.

"Why, what are you doing here?" he asked. I told him Bob and I were just resting after a day of canvassing.

"Books!" he snorted. "I guess they won't make you rich. Now, how would you like to be a reporter, if you have got nothing better to do? The manager of a news agency down-town asked me to-day to find him a bright young fellow whom he could break in. It isn't much—ten dollars a week to start with. But it is better than peddling books, I know."

He poked over the book in my hand and read the title. "Hard Times," he said, with a little laugh. "I guess so. What do you say? I think you will do. Better come along and let me give you a note to him now."

As in a dream, I walked across the street with him to his office and got the letter which was to make me, half-starved and homeless, rich as Crœsus, it seemed to me. Bob went along, and before I departed from the school a better home than I could give him was found for him with my benefactor. I was to bring him the next day. That night, the last which Bob and I spent together, we walked up and down Broadway, where there was

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"HARD TIMES"

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quiet, thinking it over. What had happened had stirred me profoundly. For the second time I saw a hand held out to save me from wreck just when it seemed inevitable; and I knew it for His hand, to whose will I was at last beginning to bow in humility that had been a stranger to me before. It had ever been my own will, my own way, upon which I insisted. In the shadow of Grace Church I bowed my head against the granite wall of the gray tower and prayed for strength to do the work which I had so long and arduously sought and which had now come to me; the while Bob sat and looked on, saying clearly enough with his wagging tail that he did not know what was going on, but that he was sure it was all right. Then we resumed our wanderings. One thought, and only one, I had room for. I did not pursue it; it walked with me wherever I went: She was not married yet. Not yet. When the sun rose, I washed my face and hands in a dog's drinking-trough, pulled my clothes into such shape as I could, and went with Bob to his new home. That parting over, I walked down to 23 Park Row and delivered my letter to the desk editor in the New York News Association, up on the top floor.

He looked me over a little doubtfully, but, evidently impressed with the early hours I kept, told me that I might try. He waved me to a desk, telling me to wait until he had made out his morning book of assignments; and with such scant ceremony was I finally introduced to Newspaper Row, that had been to me like an enchanted land. After twenty-seven years of hard work in it, during which I have been behind the scenes of most of the plays that go to make up the sum of the life of the metropolis, it exercises the old spell over me yet. If my sympathies need quickening, my point of view adjusting, I have only to go down to Park Row at eventide, when the crowds are hurrying homeward and the City Hall clock is lighted, particularly when the snow lies on the grass in the park, and stand watching them awhile, to find all things coming right. It is Bob who stands by and watches with me then, as on that night.

The assignment that fell to my lot when the book was made out, the first against which my name was written in a New York editor's book, was a lunch of some sort at the Astor House. I have forgotten what was the special occasion. I remember the bearskin hats of the Old Guard in it, but little else. In a kind of haze, I beheld half the savory viands of earth spread under the eyes and nostrils of a man who had not tasted food for the third day. I did not ask for any. I had reached that stage of starvation that is like the still center of a cyclone, when no hunger is felt. But it may be that a touch of it all crept into my report; for when the editor had read it, he said briefly:

"You will do. Take that desk, and report at ten every morning, sharp."

That night, when I was dismissed from the office, I went up the Bowery to No. 185, where a Danish family kept a boarding-house up under the roof. I had work and wages now, and could pay. On the stairs I fell in a swoon and lay there till some one stumbled over me in the dark and carried me in. My strength had at last given out.

So began my life as a newspaper man.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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The Rights of Man

A Study in Twentieth Century Problems

By Lyman Abbott

Chapter V.—Law and Liberty

WE have seen that government grows out of the instinct of self-preservation, and is a spontaneous development of that instinct. Its function is the protection of the inherent and indefeasible rights of person, property, reputation, family, and liberty. It has other and secondary functions of which I shall speak hereafter, but they are not governing functions. If government fulfills this one function of protection justly and adequately, it is a good government, whatever its form; and, whatever its form, it is a bad government if it fails to perform this function justly and adequately; it is pre-eminently a bad government if, instead of protecting rights, it violates them.

It is not always easy to determine what are the rights of person, property, reputation, family, and liberty which government ought by force to protect. A great deal of the business of the courts consists in the determination of these questions. They recognize, for example, that man has rights of property in some kinds of animals and not in other kinds; that a verbal charge of crime is a violation of the rights of reputation which government will punish, but a verbal charge of impropriety or indecorum is not; that to seduce a daughter by promise of marriage is an offense against the family which the law will punish, but to win her consent without promise of marriage is not. Who is to determine what are the rights which government will protect and how they shall be protected? The answer is that the existing government, whatever it may be, is to determine these questions. And this for a very simple reason. Whoever possesses power is, by the mere possession of that power, made responsible for its right employment. To recur to the illustration with which I commenced the last article, assuming that I had power to protect the butcher-boy from the hoodlums, I was responsible for the right exercise of that power. The possession of the power imposed a concurrent responsibility. If, on arriving on the scene, the boys whom I took to be hoodlums had assured me that the boy whom I took to be a butcher-boy was a thief and they were simply attempting to recover their property, it would clearly have been my duty to have investigated the question or secured an investigation of it. If, as the result of my interference, the thief had made off with the property which he had stolen, I should have been morally responsible. In any given community the actually existing government must in the first instance determine what is justice in any given case. Its power to enforce its judgments makes it responsible to form just judgments. Might does not make right; but might does impose responsibility on the one who possesses it to determine what is right.

Suppose, what not infrequently occurs, the government forms a judgment which to the individual or to a group of individuals seems to be unjust, what is the remedy? Is there any? or is the decision of the government final, so that while in theory might does not make right, practically and in effect it does? In case the decision of the government appears to be unjust to the individual or individuals directly affected, there are four courses, and only four, open to the injured party. He may submit; he may endeavor by peaceable methods to change the decision of the government or the personnel of the government; he may leave the community for another which is under a government that seems to him more just; or he may resist the government and endeavor to overthrow it.

In the great majority of cases the first is the course which both prudence and morality dictate. There is probably not a reader of these articles of the age of manhood who has not at some time suffered what he regards as an injustice,

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either through the commission or the omission of his government, and has submitted to it with such grace as he could command. All human organizations are imperfect. And for those individual acts of injustice due to the imperfection of human government quiet and uncomplaining submission is the best remedy.

When, however, it is not a single act but a series of acts, and when this series of acts becomes a governmental habit, we may resort to the next remedy. We appeal to public opinion, and by public opinion endeavor to bring about a change either in the habit of the government, or in its personnel, or in its structure, or in all three. As I am writing this article such an agitation is going on in the city of New York, the object of which is to change both the form of the municipal government—that is, its charter—and the personnel of the government—that is, the men who administer it. As we have seen, the force which enables the government to serve its purpose of protection of rights may be a force of arms exerted over the governed, or a force of conscience exerted within the governed. In nearly all modern governments these two forces are combined. The more democratic the government the more its force is in the conscience of the governed and the less is it in the physical power or force of arms of the governor. The appeal to the conscience of men, therefore, which would have been in vain under the Cæsars in the first century, is not in vain in modern Christendom in the nineteenth century. The appeal to the conscience of Europe made by Mr. Gladstone in his published letters concerning the cruelty and rapacity of the Bourbon rule in Naples led to the overthrow of Bourbonism in Italy and the establishment of Italian unity. The appeal of the anti-slavery reformers in England and America against slavery resulted in the overthrow of slavery by peaceful measures in the British Empire, by revolution in the United States. The appeal to the conscience of England by the Chartists ended in the initiation of nearly all of the political and social reforms which they demanded and the end of much of the injustice against which they complained.

A variety of circumstances may make this method impracticable or ineffective. The government may refuse to permit free speech or a free press; or those who suffer the injustice may only know that they are suffering, but not be sufficiently intelligent to understand why they suffer and so be unable to point out the injustice and demand a remedy; or they may be so poor and so uninfluential that their protests are unheard and unheeded. In this case the third remedy remains: they may, if they can accumulate the means and possess themselves of the courage, leave the community in which they were born and reared and go to another community, where, as they believe, their just rights will be better safeguarded and their interests better promoted. This is the remedy which millions of immigrants to America have sought for injustice suffered in their original homes. It is true that the government may forbid, and in some cases has forbidden, such migration. In so doing it clearly violates the fundamental principle of its own existence. For government, as we have seen, is formed to protect the rights of man. One of the most elemental of those rights is the right to go where one pleases so that one does not violate the rights of others. Leaving one's native country to go to another country does not violate the rights of any other one. Such prohibition of migration assumes that the governed exist for the benefit of government, whereas governments exist for the benefit of the governed.

When neither of these remedies is practicable, there remains, as a last and terrible resort, revolution. To justify revolution against an existing government, whatever it may be, these conditions must exist: the government must be an unjust government; the injustice must be of such a character that submission to it involves evils to the community greater than resistance will involve; the remedy by public opinion must be denied or be unavailing; the evils must be so widespread that escape from them by emigration is impracticable except to the favored few; and, finally, the discontent produced by the injustice must be so widespread as to give promise of success to a movement organized to overturn the government and substitute a new one in its place.

This right of revolution, however, requires further elucidation.

"Man," says Aristotle, "is naturally a

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political animal."[1] He is born into a government as he is born into a family. He has no more to do with the choice of the one than with the choice of the other. He is a subject of parents whom he did not choose; he is similarly a subject of a government which he did not choose. As his hand or his foot is a part of his body, so he in turn is a part of the political organism, and he cannot dissociate himself therefrom. He is born, not isolated, but to be sharer in obligations and responsibilities from which he is powerless to escape. They belong to him by reason of his manhood. He does not form them, though he may participate in changing their form. Government is a growth, not a manufacture. Even if it seems to be newly created, as in the case of the American and French Republics, it is not really the government, it is only the *form* of the government, which is newly created. The American Republic grew out of previous English and colonial governments; the French Republic grew out of previous imperial and revolutionary governments. But, as we have seen, government is founded on and grows out of the instinct of self-preservation. Its primary function is to protect the rights of men; its authority is derived from the right of the strong to protect the weak. If the government into which any man is born violates this fundamental principle upon which all government is based, if it uses its strength, not to protect the weak, but to oppress the weak, it no longer has authority. It may still have power, but it has by its own act destroyed its authority. It may still be able to rule, but it has no right to rule. The same principle of self-preservation, which is the foundation of government, then becomes the justification of revolution. Man has an inherent right to protect himself; if the government founded on this right of mutual protection does not protect, especially if, instead of protecting, it oppresses its subjects, the same right of self-protection justifies them in overturning the government, if they have power to do so. In other words, when injustice in any government becomes so great, so radical, so habitual, that the government ceases to be a mutually protective organization, then the people have a right to overturn it and substitute a new government in its place, because they have an absolute, inherent, and indefeasible right to be protected in their persons, property, reputation, family, and liberty.

The mere fact that the form of government does not suit the protestants is no just ground for revolution. The justice of a government does not depend upon its form—although some forms are more apt to do equal justice than other forms; it depends upon the fidelity with which it fulfills the function of government—that is, with which it safeguards the rights of man and promotes his prosperity. The resort to force is justified only by the extremest exigency. A mere distaste for one form of government or desire for another form of government is not such an exigency as justifies resort to force to overthrow the government.

The mere fact that the government declines to permit the protestants to share in the administration of government is not an adequate reason for revolution. No man has a natural right to share in the administration of the government under which he lives. He has a right to be protected in his person, property, reputation, family, and liberties; but if the government of which he is a subject affords him such protection, adequately and effectively, he has no ground on which to demand of the government, as his right, permission to participate in it. That he has no such natural right is evident from a consideration of the nature of government. Government is, as we have seen, the control of one man's will by another man's will. No man has any ground for claiming that it is his natural right to control the will, or dominate the personality, or direct the life-action of another man. This right, wherever it exists, is not natural and inherent; it is acquired, and rests upon some other fundamental and essential right. We have seen what that fundamental right is; it is the right of self-protection. The only reason why one man may claim the right to control another man against his will, if he be of full age and mentally and morally of sane character,[1] is in order to secure

[1] Aristotle's "Politics," Book I., Chapter II.

[1] The right of a parent, or one standing *in loco parentis*, to control the child, and the right of the sane to control the insane, need not here be considered. We are considering the control of sane men of adult age by other sane men of adult age.

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the protection of himself and others from injury and wrong-doing. If that protection is sufficiently afforded by government, he has no ground for insisting on his right to participate in the government—that is, to share in that control over the wills and lives of other men. The only ground on which such a claim can be based is that such participation of all in the government is necessary in order to make the government an adequate protection of all. Suffrage, or participation in the government, is not an end, it is only a means to an end; it is not a right, it is only one means to the preservation of rights.

That we do not believe in this country that suffrage is a natural right is evident from our practice. The people who live in the District of Columbia cannot vote, but they are not denied their natural rights. The newly arrived immigrants not yet naturalized cannot vote, but they are not denied their natural rights. The young man of nineteen or twenty, whose education makes him much more competent to vote than many men who do vote, is not denied his natural rights. The man whose business interests are in New York City, but whose residence is in Westchester County, and who pays large taxes in New York City but is not allowed to vote there, is not denied his natural rights. So in those States in which women are not allowed to vote they are not denied any natural right. Those whose persons, property, reputation, family, and liberties are adequately secured under the government as it is now organized have no right to claim anything more. A claim by any persons, whether men or women, to the suffrage as a right must be founded on the assumption that their natural rights cannot be protected in any other way; a claim to the suffrage as politic must be founded on the assumption that the rights of the individual and the welfare of the community will be best promoted by the extension of the suffrage. A man has no more a natural right to vote in a general election than he has to vote in the legislature. In both cases the conditions of the vote are determined by the existing government, whatever it may be. Properly speaking, suffrage is not a right at all; it is a prerogative and a responsibility; and who shall exercise that prerogative and who shall share that responsibility are to be determined by the existing government, whatever that government may be. This is, in point of fact, the practice of all governments, including our own; and it is a practice abundantly justified both by philosophy and history. How extensive the suffrage ought to be in any given community is dependent wholly upon the question what conditions of suffrage, first, will secure the best protection of person, property, reputation, family, and liberty, and, second, will best promote the general life of the community, material and spiritual.

The fact that a particular government is dependent upon another government does not of itself justify a revolution. Independence is not synonymous with liberty. The two are often confounded, but they are quite distinct. A government is independent when it has no organic relation of subjection to another government; it is free when the members of the community subject to the government are protected in their persons, property, reputation, family, and liberties. It is clear that a government may be independent and not furnish such protection, and, on the other hand, that it may be dependent and furnish such protection all the better because of its dependence. Spain in the sixteenth century was independent; but her people were not free. Canada in the nineteenth century is not independent, but her people are free. No State in the Union is independent, but the freedom of the citizens of the various States is better secured because they are dependent on each other and on the Federal Government. This fact, that dependence may be a means of securing liberty, is distinctly affirmed in the preamble to the Constitution of the United States: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." These, not independence, are the ends of government. When they are secured, the mere fact that the government under which they are secured is dependent for them in part on another government is no reason for a

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revolution. Our own history affords a striking illustration of the fact that independence and liberty are not only not synonymous, but may be antagonistic. The Civil War was a war between independence and liberty. The South fought that the Confederate States might be independent, and if they had won their independence they would unquestionably have established slavery for a large proportion of their people. The North fought to prevent their independence, and, winning the battle, gave freedom to the slaves. Liberty was won by the overthrow of independence. There are two questions in the Philippines to-day. Ought they to be independent? ought they to be free? These are not different forms of the same question. Those who believe that the Philippines ought not to be independent believe that if they become independent they will not be free, and if they become dependent on the United States their freedom will be assured.

The principle here laid down, that only injustice in the existing government justifies a revolution for the purpose of overthrowing it, finds expression in our own Declaration of Independence. The war of 1776 is called not inaptly the War of Independence. It was; our fathers fought for independence; but they fought for independence only because they became convinced by long experience that they could not secure justice in any other way. Independence was not an end, but a means to an end. This is very explicitly declared by them in the document by which they justify to the world their action. Let the reader reflect upon both the preamble and the conclusion of this Declaration:

> When a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them [the people] under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.
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> . . . . . .
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> Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States.

Why ought they to be independent States? Not because they are denied participation in the government and representation in the Parliament; nor because they prefer a republic to a monarchy, or independence to dependency. These are *not* the reasons assigned. They affirm that they ought to be free and independent because the government to which they are subject "evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism"—that is, to set at naught that protection of human rights which is the fundamental function of government, and all appeals to the conscience of the governor for justice have been made in vain.

But, although man does not make government, but is born a subject of government, and although he is justified in resorting to violence to overthrow the government of which he is a subject only in case it abdicates its rightful authority by failing to fulfill its fundamental function—that is, the protection of human rights—yet he may and does modify the form of government, and, in fact, there are many forms existing in the world. Which is the best form?

Aristotle's division of governments into four forms may be accepted as adequate, subject to a modification to be hereafter suggested. These forms are: government by one, *i.e.*, monarchy; government by a few, *i.e.*, oligarchy; government by the best, *i.e.*, aristocracy; and government by the many, *i.e.*, democracy. The Napoleonic Empire may be taken as a type of the first; Venice as a type of the second; England, in the eighteenth century, as a type of the third; America as a type of the fourth. There is, however, a fifth form of government which Aristotle does not mention, perhaps because it did not exist in his time, perhaps because it is a bastard which does not deserve

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classification with legitimate governments. This bastard is bureaucracy—a government by the office-holders. The most complete form of bureaucracy on a large scale is that furnished by Russia; but all modern governments, not excluding America, are more or less corrupted by it. It is the only form of government for which a philosopher can find no defense.

In considering these four forms of government it must be remembered that the distinction between them is marked more sharply in philosophy than in fact. Thus monarchy in its modern forms is rarely government by one. The power of the one is generally limited, as in Turkey, by a hierarchy, or, as in Russia, by a bureaucracy, or, as in France in the eighteenth century, by the nobles, or, as in England in the nineteenth century, by the common people. So, again, the power of the oligarchy, which, as Aristotle has also shown, is necessarily a plutocracy or rule of the rich, is limited by the necessity of promoting the commercial interests of the community in order to promote the interests of the rich. So, again, the aristocrats are by no possible method of selection yet devised wholly composed of the best; from them are excluded some of the best; into them creep some of the worst. Finally, democracy is not a government of all the people, but only of a large minority of the people. In the recent Presidential election, out of a population of over seventy millions, only about fourteen million votes were cast—that is, one in five of the population determined the questions at issue. And of this fourteen millions Mr. McKinley's majority was only seven hundred thousand, so that in fact those questions were determined by only about one one-hundredth of the population. The value of this fact as a protection against the perils of democracy I shall consider in a future paper.

Recognizing these qualifications in the actually existing governments, the question presents itself as a practical and important one, Which of these four forms of government—government by the one, by the few, by the best, or by the many—constitutes the best form of government; that is, which of these forms of government gives the best promise of, first, securing protection to the rights of man, and, second, of promoting the general welfare of man? Whatever government does these two things in the best manner is the best government. For, as we have seen, no man has a right to participate in the government, or has any ground of complaint because he is not allowed to participate in it, provided it fulfills these two functions of government adequately—the first a definite and fundamental function, the second an indefinite and subsidiary, though perhaps not less important, function.

We have already seen that there is no one form of government which is absolutely right, making all others absolutely wrong. There is no divine right of either kings, oligarchs, aristocrats, or majorities; the only divine right which government must recognize is the right to be protected in person, property, reputation, family, and liberty. It is also true that there is no one form of government which is absolutely best, making all other forms inferior. That is the best government which, at the time, under the circumstances, and in consideration of the intellectual and moral development of the people, is best adapted to protect their rights and promote their welfare; and the same form of government does not best accomplish these ends under all circumstances, in all epochs, and with all peoples. This is not, perhaps, a very popular opinion in America, but it may be true nevertheless.

It is interesting to note that of the forms of government mentioned by Aristotle we have at least three in successful operation in the United States in the present time, and it is doubtful whether any considerable number of persons would wish to change radically either one of the three. The family is autocratic. The father is not, indeed, an absolute despot, but a constitutional monarch; and in case of extreme violation of the rights or disregard of the interests of his children an appeal lies to the government of which he is a subject. But in all the ordinary matters of the household his power is little less than absolute. So also the organization of the secondary school is largely autocratic. In some instances the principal is very strictly limited in his powers by a school board, in which case the government approximates the oligarchic, but whether with any real benefit to the pupils is very doubtful. But in the best private schools the government is very nearly

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absolutely autocratic, the remedy for any real or fancied injustice being the remedy of emigration already referred to; that is, the pupil may go to another school. But as long as he remains in the school he has no participation in its government; or, if he does, it is only by sufferance of the principal. Political rights as such he has none. In the college the government is oligarchic. It is administered almost exclusively by the faculty, who are under no political responsibility whatever to the pupils, and under none directly to the parents of the pupils. This oligarchy might be described as a limited or constitutional oligarchy; that is, its powers are limited generally by a written constitution, and in many cases an appeal lies to the board of trustees, and in all cases to that public opinion on which the college depends for its prosperous life. But the students rarely have any political power in the administration of the college, or, if they do, it is a power conferred by the favor of the faculty, and liable to be taken away from them again. As a political organism the college is oligarchic, and probably few would wish to see it made more democratic than it is. The government of the country, the State, and the Nation is that of a Representative Republic—that is, of a government administered, not by the people directly, but by representatives elected by the people, and really by a minority, though a large minority, of the entire population. Finally, we have in the Town Meeting in some States, and in the District School meeting in others, an illustration of a pure democracy, in which the people assemble to debate questions and determine policies as well as to elect officials to carry those policies out. The same divergences in form of government are to be seen in other organizations: thus, the chorus choir and the orchestra are necessarily autocratic; the great corporation is generally in reality oligarchic, though it may be and generally is in form representative; and the trades-union is a curious combination of the oligarchic and the democratic. Similar differences are to be seen in our ecclesiastical organizations: the Roman Catholic Church being at least in form autocratic; the Episcopal, semi-aristocratic; the Presbyterian, representative; and the Congregational, democratic. These facts make it evident that the form of government necessarily depends in large measure upon the nature of the organism, the function it has to perform, the capacity of the people who constitute it, and the circumstances of its existence.

It is true that in most of the organizations mentioned above the government is not an end, but only a means to an end. That is, the organism does not exist merely to govern, but also to perform other functions—as to teach, to perform music, to conduct trade, and the like. But it is clear that it would be possible in some of these organizations to differentiate these functions. Thus, it would be conceivable that the boys in a school or college should make all the rules, elect all governing officers, and administer all discipline, leaving the faculty simply to teach. But it is not conceivable that any considerable number of either teachers, parents, or pupils would desire such a change.

My readers may now, perhaps, be prepared to consider, if not to accept, the next proposition—namely, that one controlling element in determining the question what is the best form of government is the mental and moral development of the people who constitute the governed community. In other words, government, as one of the products of social evolution, necessarily depends on the degree of social evolution attained by the governed community. The political history of the world indicates the true order of political development.

The family is the first and oldest government. It is and ought to be autocratic. The tribe comes next. The head of the tribe is, like the father of the family, an autocrat, though his autocratic powers are somewhat limited by the power of resistance possessed by members of the tribe, if the autocracy becomes oppressive, and by customs which have grown up in the tribe and have all the binding force of constitutional law. In other words, he is a constitutional monarch. It is exceedingly doubtful whether any form of government could be devised better adapted to the Indian tribe, so long as it remains a nomadic tribe, than that which it possesses. We have given our indorsement to this autocratic method of government for the Indian by appointing over the tribe on the Reservation a white autocrat whom we call Agent. In many cases the Agency

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system has worked very badly, because, first, the government of the Agent has not been for the benefit of the governed but for the benefit of the governor, and, second, it has been aimed, not to prepare the Indian for self-government, but to keep him in tutelage. But where the Agent has been honest, capable, and progressive, the results have been wholly admirable.

The next step in the evolution of government is the development of an aristocracy. This aristocracy is often far from absolutely excellent; but it possesses certain elements of courage, self-control, and intelligence which make it superior to the average. It puts limits on the power of the autocrat; it demands better protection for its own rights, if not for the rights of the people; it wrests from a King John a Magna Charta. Under its influence political power is somewhat more diffused and government is somewhat more equable than under the autocracy. The class below the nobles are awakened and stimulated by their example; they in turn limit the power of the nobles, and in turn appeal to the still lower classes to aid them in securing a more equal distribution of justice—that is, a more general and equable protection of person, property, reputation, the family, and liberty. The people under Simon de Montfort demand and secure a representation in the House of Commons. What are the rights of man, what are the privileges of class, what are the distinctions between the two, and what the functions and therefore what the powers of government, become matters of debate, each side enforcing its own interests with reasons, and sometimes with courageous battle. The privileges of the few give way gradually to the interests of the many, and at length the simple principle that governments exist for the benefit of the governed, and that their function is primarily the protection of the fundamental rights of man and of all men, is wrought into the consciousness of the people. Then, and not till then, is the community ready for a government founded on the will of the majority.

Autocracy is the best government for a people in its early childhood; oligarchy or aristocracy for a people in its teens; democracy for a people in its manhood. What happens when a people is suddenly transplanted from autocratic government to democratic government, without any intervening preparation, is illustrated tragically by the French Revolution, and less tragically by the carpetbag government in the South. That person, property, reputation, the family, and liberty are better protected in Egypt under an autocracy than they would be by a government formed and administered by the fellaheen will hardly be doubted by any. Whether these fundamental rights will be better protected in Cuba under an independent democracy, or in Porto Rico under a mixed government, partly democratic, partly autocratic, we shall soon know.

But while there is no one form of government which is absolutely right and no one form of government which is absolutely best for all peoples and under all circumstances, there is one principle of government which is the ultimate principle, and to which all history is slowly but surely conducting the peoples. That principle—for it is a principle rather than a form—is self-government.

Government is the control of a part of the community by another part of the community; it may be by a king, by an oligarchy, by an aristocracy, by a vote of seven million voters to which the opposing six million three hundred thousand voters submit, but in any case it is the control of a part by a part. It is clear that the government is best when the best control and the less competent and virtuous are controlled. But it is not less evident that the supreme and ultimate government is that in which the best in each man controls the inferior in each man. This is self-government; and the more nearly any community approaches self-government, the more nearly it approaches the ultimate goal of all political organization. The end of government is mutual protection against injustice. But when the people have become so educated that no one wishes to do his neighbor an injustice, the supreme end of government has been reached, because there is no longer any need of mutual protection; and when public sentiment has been so educated and developed that even men who would do an injustice to a fellow-man dare not do it, not because they fear a punishment forcibly administered, but because they fear the judgment and

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condemnation of their fellow-men, the end of government is approximated. For the object of all government is to destroy the necessity of any government, by developing such a public conscience that no other force than that of conscience will be needed to protect the rights of man.

But it is also evident that a government which proposes to rest on the united conscience and united judgment of a great body of men as its means of enforcing justice, or, better, as a means of dispensing with all external enforcement of justice, must have in the community a great number of individual men whose judgment and conscience have been so educated. A great body of men who are unable to govern themselves, either because they lack the judgment or the conscience, cannot constitute a community which can govern itself. Self-government is not an assumption on which we are to start in framing a government; it is the goal which we are to reach by means of government. It is the *terminus ad quem*, not the *termiuus a quo*.

An educative preparation is necessary for self-government in the race as in the individual. To thrust a childlike people out into the world and expect them to provide for and protect themselves without any previous training is as unwise, not to say as cruel, as it would be to thrust the little children out from a home and expect them to take care of themselves. It is sometimes asked whether a despotic government has ever prepared a people for freedom. The answer is that no people have ever been prepared for freedom except by a despotic government. The Napoleonic Empire was a necessary preparation for the French Republic. The suddenly liberated people had to learn to obey before they could learn to command. A long line of kings, beginning with William the Conqueror and ending with Charles I., laid in England the foundation for her constitutional liberties. Our own preparation was made in the same school, and a post-graduate education was added in colonial government under an English autocratic authority. No people in the history of the world have ever passed directly and without intervening education from a primitive or tribal condition of government to a self-governing democracy which adequately protected person, property, reputation, the family, and liberty, and it is safe to assume that no people ever will. The question which confronts self-governing countries in this beginning of the twentieth century is, Shall we leave races just emerging from childhood to acquire capacity for self-government through the long and dismal processes which have been necessary in our case, or shall we serve as their guardians and tutors, protecting their rights and educating their judgments and their consciences until they are able to frame their own mutual protective associations—that is, to constitute and administer without aid their own governments?

To sum up in a paragraph the conclusions of this and the preceding article: Government is a mutually protective association; it grows out of the instinct of men to protect their own rights and the rights of their neighbors; it is a just and a free government when it adequately protects those rights; it is neither a just nor a free government if it does not adequately protect those rights. The possession of the powers of government gives to those who possess such powers the responsibility of determining when it is right to interfere in order to prevent injustice. Man is born under government, and he is to be subject to that government, unless it fails to fulfill the functions of government; if it does so fail, and he can find adequate remedy for himself and his fellows neither by submission, protest, nor migration, the right of revolution exists; because the same right to organize for self-protection in government exists to overthrow the government when it becomes an instrument of oppression, not of protection. There is no absolutely best form of government; that is the best form of government which, in any stage of the world, in any age of human development, best secures human rights; but the ultimate form of government, toward which history is gradually conducting the human race, is that form in which every man governs himself, and therefore all men partake in the common functions of government. But such self-government in the community, as in the individual, is a *terminus ad quem*, not a *terminus a quo;* that is, it is a result to be reached by means of government, not a foundation to be assumed on which government can be built.

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HON. JOHN G. MILBURN
President of the Exposition.

The Builders of the Exposition

BY the time this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers, the formal opening of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo will have occurred; and at this writing it seems certain that the great Exposition will be in a state of completeness far in advance of those at Philadelphia, Chicago, and Paris on the days set for their opening. In the June Magazine Number of The Outlook the attempt will be made to furnish our readers with some adequate idea of the Exposition in its picturesque and significant aspects, by description and through illustration. Meanwhile we present here the portraits of the men who have made it possible that the Pan-American Exposition should be what it is.

The President of the Exposition, the Hon. John G. Milburn, is, in the highest and truest sense of the word, a representative man; one who stands in the mind of the public for the best things in personal and professional life. Mr. Milburn was born in England and educated in English schools, came to this country as a young man, studied law at Batavia in this State, was admitted to the bar in 1874, and since that time has practiced his profession with steadily increasing success in the city of Buffalo, where he has come to hold a foremost position. He is a man of large legal attainments, whose scholarship is highly respected as well as widely known in his own profession. He is a man of general culture, a student of literature, a speaker of dignity and unusual charm—his voice, manner, intonation, and spoken style indicating the culture of his mind and tastes. There is about him the ripeness which comes not only from knowledge, but from contact with the best in thought and life. He is a man of very agreeable personality, who, by his address, his courtesy, and his dignity, no less than by his ability, is pre-eminently fitted to discharge the delicate and difficult duties imposed upon him by the presidency of the Exposition.

As to the other officers of the Exposition, it need only be said that Mr. Buchanan, Director-General, has worked with assiduity and with extraordinary

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JOHN M. CARRERE
Chairman of Architects.

HON. W. S. BUCHANAN
Director-General.

executive power to bring into unison and into a complete and perfect result the different elements which properly pertain to such a great undertaking; while to the Chairman of the Architects, Mr. Carrere, to Mr. Coffin, the Director of Fine Arts, and to Mr. Turner, the Director of Color, are to be ascribed the notable artistic effect which will make this exposition in its way as individual and unique as was the Chicago Exposition in quite a different manner.

As we have already pointed out, the Pan-American Exposition differs from the great fairs held at Philadelphia, Chicago, and Paris, in that it is designed primarily to celebrate and record American achievement, American industry, and American art. That resolution of Congress was justified which declared that "such an Exhibition would undoubtedly be of vast benefit to the commercial interests of the countries of North, South, and Central America."

C. Y. TURNER
Director of Color.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN
Director of Fine Arts.

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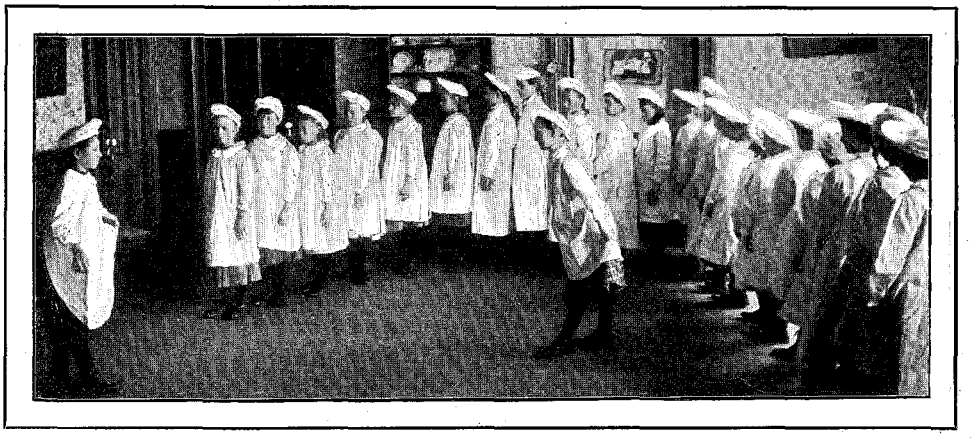

TO SO LEAVE A PLACE THAT AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT ONE MAY GAZE ON YOUR FACE

The Kitchen-Garden

By Laura Winnington

SINGING a merry song about "helping mother," twenty-four little girls in white caps and aprons come trooping into a room where by each one's chair at two long tables stand two small wooden boxes on a round wooden tray. At chords struck on the piano the children seat themselves, push in their chairs, and take off the lids of the boxes. A dainty set of doll's dishes are inside—glasses and knives and forks and little plates, and even napkins rolled up in their rings. The children take out the dishes while the piano is played softly to cover any noise of rattling. The child who replies to the question, "What is the first thing to be put on the table?" "Knives and forks," learns better as little tablecloths are spread on the round trays, and the children learn how to set a breakfast-table, giving rhyming answers to the questions how the forks should be laid, where the glasses should stand, and how the coffee-pot should be heated. Then follows the occupation of clearing the table, with songs about how the dishes are to be washed and wiped and put away. One can see how much more skillfully and happily those simple things will be done in all after life, from their early association with cheer and song and gay companions.

After an exercise with the trays, in which the children, bending first to the right and then to the left, sing,

"We pass the tray like this, we pass the tray like that,
Try to hold it, always hold it, very, very flat,"

a march is played, and they file out, each stopping at the door to bow and say good-morning to a little maid who remains at the head of one of the tables and carefully bows back to each, and the Kitchen-Garden lesson is over.

It may seem a simple thing, this lesson in table-setting to twenty-four mission-school children, but from the seed planted in the kitchen-garden has sprung the present movement for industrial education, the demand that in every school studying from books shall be supplemented by the training of eye and hand.

The incorporators of the first kitchen-garden formed in 1880 the Kitchen-Garden Association, to promote the teaching of "Industrial Domestic Arts," and in its first season enrolled eighty active members from different cities, supervised the instruction of nine hundred and ninety children in and near New York, and formed classes in the West and South. Four years later the Kitchen-Garden Association, realizing that the field in which it had begun must be more and more widely extended, reorganized as the Industrial Education Association. To the work

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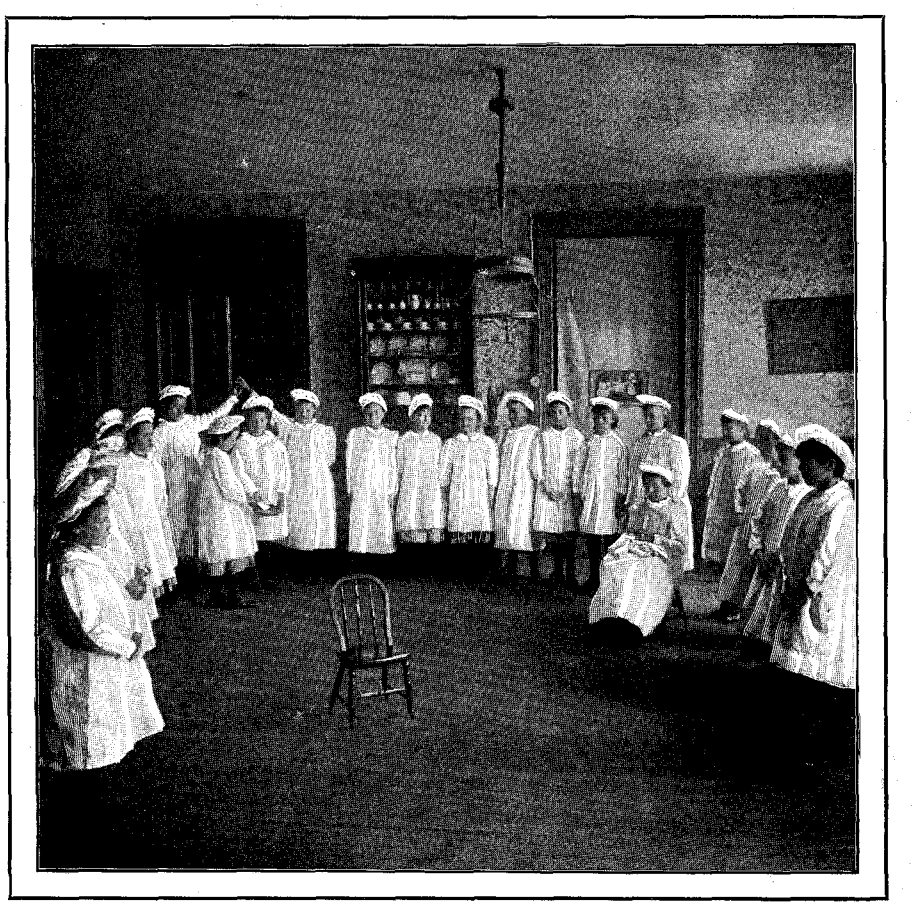
of this Association, which threw itself heartily into the task of arousing public opinion to the perception of the need and value of manual training, are due not only the Teachers' College of New York City and the Burnham Industrial Farm, which it founded, but also such institutions as Pratt, Drexel, and Armour Institutes. The addition of vacation schools, kindergartens, sewing classes, and manual-training high schools to the public-school system also follows the impulse given by its efforts.

The first kitchen-garden was the invention, or perhaps more truly the discovery, of Miss Emily Huntington, who came twenty-five years ago to take charge of a mission school for girls on the East Side of New York. She had lived among the thrifty, capable housewives of New England, and the ignorance of her new neighbors in all household ways seemed most pitiable to her. The girls who came to the mission school all had to help at home, yet when called into the mission kitchen they did not even know how to peel a potato properly. The new head of the mission could not bear the thought of their growing up to know no more than the housekeeping, or rather the house-unkeeping, of their mothers. To an earnest mind the perception of a wrong or a need always brings the question, How can I help? and Miss Huntington pondered over the problem of instructing these children in housework. One or two at a time she could take and teach, but that took too long; how could many be taught at once? While she was puzzling over the problem, she was invited to attend a kindergarten exhibition, and there the thought flashed



"AND THIS IS THE GIRL, THE VERY LITTLE GIRL,
WHO'S LEARNING TO WAIT ON THE DOOR"

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into her mind that the children might be taught housework by means of toys, learning the practical in a game, as in the kindergarten a principle is given in a song. At once she began planning the utensils for the children to use, investing in doll's tea-sets, experimenting with little wooden tubs and bedsteads, and trying to find manufacturers who would make the little spoons and saucers and gravy-dishes that were necessary for a well-set dinner-table. The songs sang themselves in her mind, and the lessons outlined themselves, until she had written a book that held the course of lessons, questions, music, and all, so that any one who would might teach groups of children.

Classes were at once formed at the Wilson Mission, and a number of young ladies, the "society girls" of the day, whom Miss Huntington had interested in the project, volunteered to help as teachers. This was long before the time of Settlements and "slum" work, and the coming of a carriage to the East Side Mission caused as much excitement as an ambulance does now. Boys followed it along the street. The passers-by gaped at the novel visitors, and it was some months before it was thought safe for two or three of the teachers to come together on a street-car. Perhaps nothing could have lent more dignity to toil in the children's minds than the fact that their instructors in the simple household tasks were these bright creatures from afar. One child was overheard saying to a companion: "My teacher wears a silken gown, and she knows how to work."

One day there came to the founder of the kitchen-garden a friend who asked, "What can I do to bring up my little daughter to be thoughtful of others? She is an only child, and has so much money that we are dreadfully afraid she will be spoiled." They consulted together, and as a result a row of twenty-four hooks was placed in the breakfast-room of a certain mansion, and there every Saturday morning came twenty-four little girls, who had been collected by the city missionary for a lesson in kitchen-gardening which the little hostess and a friend had previously taken and now gave to their guests. A governess was always present to assist and to accompany the songs, but the two little girls were the teachers. Every week from the greenhouse the gardener would send a little bouquet for each child, and it would be hard to say which learned the most, the two little teachers or their pupils.

The work of kitchen-gardening divides itself into twelve lessons: first, one on wood, in which the children learn how to light a fire; a folding lesson teaches them how to fold properly the pieces of white paper that represent sheets and table-cloths and napkins; the sweeping lesson combines delightful marching maneuvers with brooms adorned by bows of ribbon with practical directions for the banishment of dust and for the care and use of broom, whisk-broom, hair-brush, feather duster, cloth, and dustpan. To the question, "How do you dust a chair?" they repeat in concert:

"First the back, then the seat,
Next the rungs, and then the feet."

In table-setting the children, instead of placing the coffee-pot, as the tallest object, in the center, with everything else around it, learn to lay neatly each one's place for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Last, and perhaps most enjoyed of all, is the mud-pie play, in which, with modeling-clay, the children knead loaves of bread, roll out biscuits, and cover pie-plates holding imaginary apples or pumpkins. Through all the lessons there is constant appeal to the imagination of the child, as box-covers must represent sideboard or kitchen table or ironing-board. The frequent exercises prevent the children from becoming weary of sitting still; the songs give them means of happy expression, and, as they scrub with imaginary soapsuds dolls' garments in the little wooden tubs, and sing as they form a circle around which one child walks,

"Go round and round the circle,
We're cleaning house to-day;
Go in and out the window,
We're cleaning house to-day,"

they are learning unconsciously, not only prac-

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"WE PASS THE TRAY LIKE THIS, WE PASS THE TRAY LIKE THAT,
TRY TO HOLD IT, ALWAYS HOLD IT, VERY, VERY FLAT"

"HERE IS A CROWD OF MERRY LITTLE GIRLS
WHO'VE LATELY COME TO SCHOOL"

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tical directions which will always be of use to them, but the dignity and beauty inherent in all simple household tasks.

In New York City kitchen-garden classes are held at the Pro-Cathedral, the Wilson Mission, the New York Orphan Asylum, the Sullivan and Mott Street Industrial Schools, nearly all the Church Missions, and at some of the schools of the Children's Aid Society. They have not yet been provided as generously as might be for children who are not in need of free instruction. A little girl taken to see one of the classes whispered to her mother: "Mamma, I want to go and play with those little girls." "Hush!" was the answer; "sit still and watch them." The child tried to, but the play was too enticing, and again she begged to join the group. "Hush!" she was told; "those are poor little girls; you have a roomful of toys at home." "But not those toys." "I will get you some." The child subsided, saying, with a sigh that was audible all over the room, "I wish my papa would fail, and then I could play that!"

All the kitchen-garden materials may be obtained from Miss Emily Huntington, at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Miss Huntington gives a lecture called "Seedtime and Harvest; or, What Came of Industrial Beginnings," illustrated by seventy slides, which tells of the first kitchen-garden work, the boys' clubs and day nurseries which resulted from it, and of its later developments in the grown-up kitchen-garden at Northfield Seminary, the housekeeping trunks among the Indians, and the cooking-schools in Virginia.

With all the broader work which has grown out of the first kitchen-garden class, the need for its simple domestic lessons remains. In every Home for children, in every settlement, every mission, every organization where there are children to be taught the rudiments of housekeeping and home-making, there is a place for the kitchen-garden. Its methods can be modified to meet the requirements of Indian, Negro, and Alaskan, as they have been adapted to the children in India and Japan. There can hardly be a more direct and simple means of improving the home life of the people than that used by those who gather around them groups of children for a kitchen-garden, whose name frames the hope of its founder—that the "homely, every-day necessities of life might blossom like a garden."

An Hour with Thee

By Mary Wheaton Lyon

My heart is tired, so tired to-night;
How endless seems the strife—
Day after day the restlessness
Of all this weary life!
I come to lay the burden down
That so oppresseth me,
And, shutting all the world without,
To spend an hour with Thee,
Dear Lord,
To spend an hour with Thee.

I would forget a little while
The bitterness of tears,
The anxious thought that crowds my life,
The buried hopes of years;
Forget that woman's weary toil
My patient care must be.
A tired child I come to-night
To spend an hour with Thee,
Dear Lord,
One little hour with Thee.

A foolish, wayward child, I know,
So often wandering;
A weak, complaining child—but, oh!
Forgive my murmuring,
And fold me to thy loving breast—
Thou who hast died for me,
And let me feel 'tis peace to rest
A little hour with Thee,
Dear Lord,
One little hour with Thee!

The busy world goes on and on,
I cannot heed it now,
Thy sacred hand is laid upon
My aching, throbbing brow.
Life's toil will soon be past, and then,
From all its sorrow free,
How sweet to think that I shall spend
Eternity with Thee,
Dear Lord,
Eternity with Thee!

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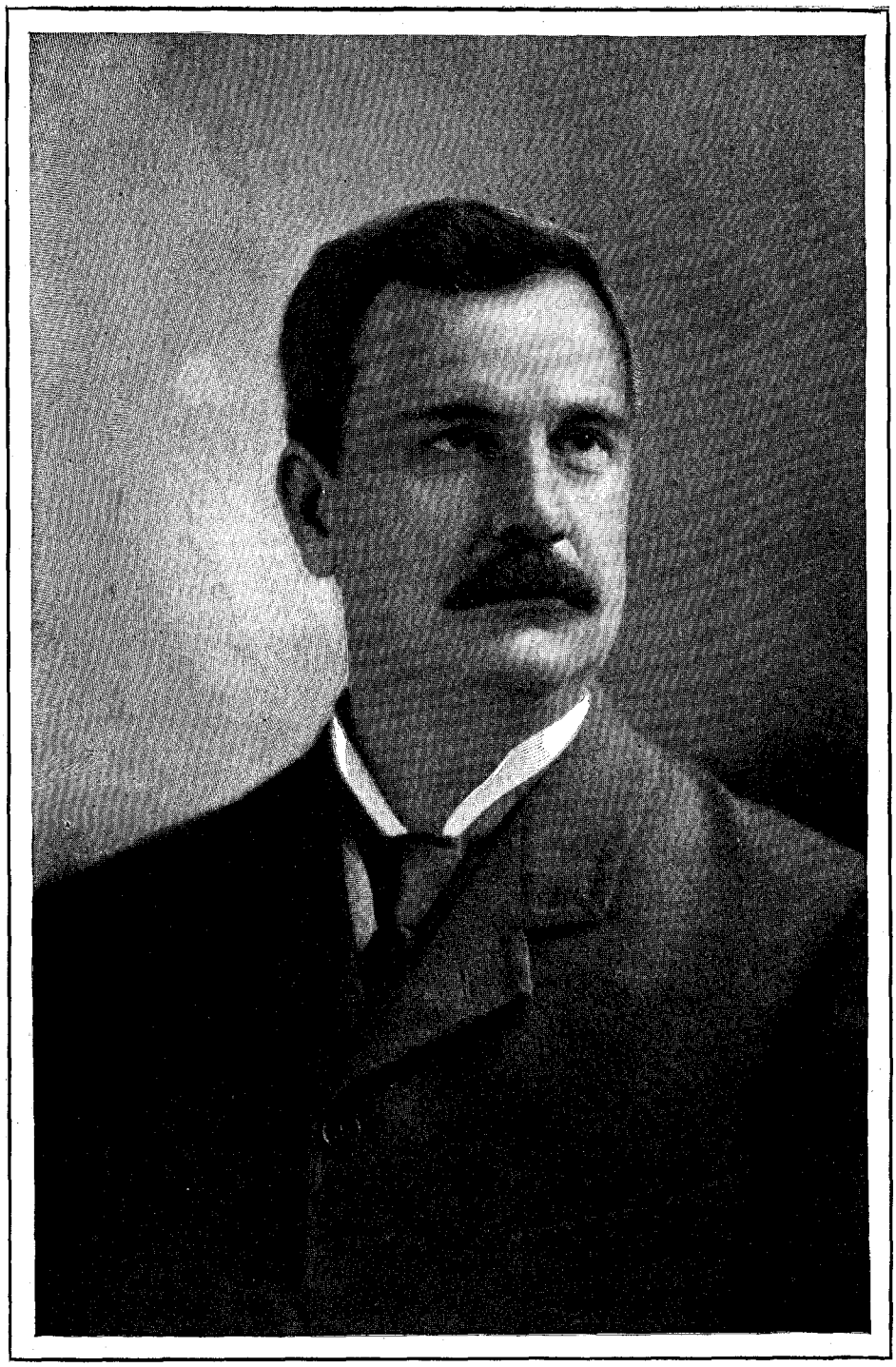

BENJAMIN B. ODELL

Governor of the State of New York

The independent course of Governor Odell since he has assumed office has justified the opinion of The Outlook that his Message showed that a practical politician who would use his experience of men and politics for the public good had admirable qualities for a great executive officer.

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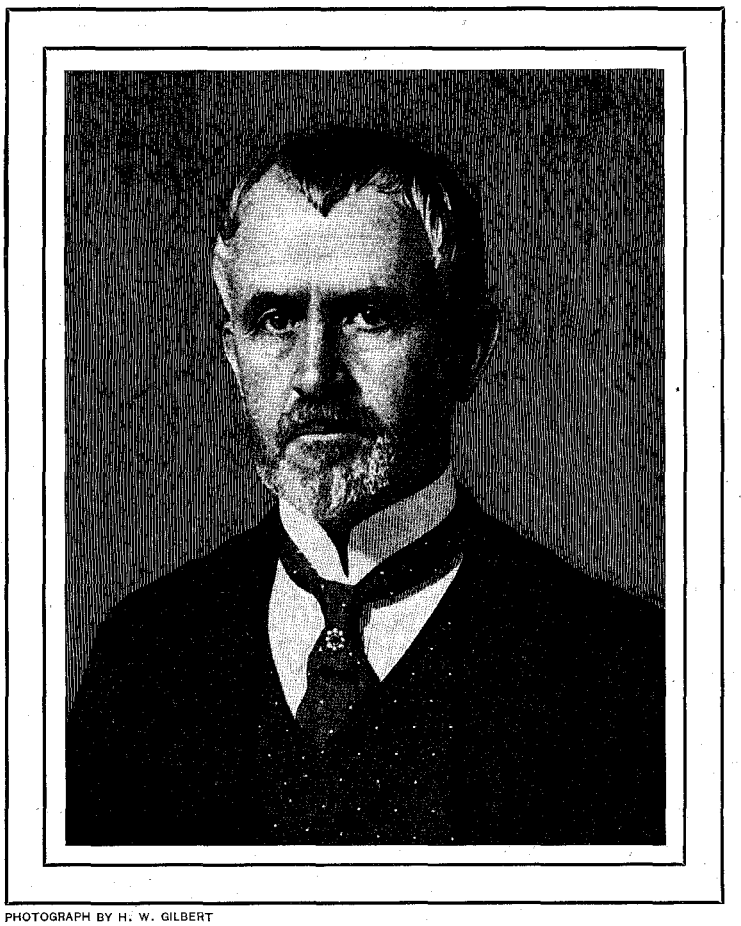

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. GILBERT

BEN FOSTER

An American Landscape Painter

MR. Ben Foster, whose exceptional gifts as a landscape artist have long been known to his fellow-artists, has recently come into National prominence owing to the purchase by the French Government of one of his pictures for the Luxembourg, the national gallery of modern paintings and sculpture maintained by the French Government. Of the American artists living in this country who sent pictures to the Paris Exposition, only one other, Winslow Homer, received this honor. The distinction which France has thus conferred upon Mr. Foster is particularly gratifying to his countrymen because his picture, a photograph of which is reproduced herewith, is peculiarly an American subject. It is a scene at night in his native village—the village of North Anson, Maine. It is that hour of the night when the last lights are being extinguished and the entire village lies in peaceful repose in the moonlight. A star or two shines through the trees, and the only sound is the rippling and gentle splashing of the brook which flows on one side of the village street. Mr. Foster chose for his picture the appropriate title "Lulled by the Murmuring Stream," the very rhythm of which expresses the soothing and peaceful character of the scene. This title has been very happily translated by the French, and the picture is now known in the Luxembourg by the legend "*Bercé par le flot murmurant.*" Mr. Foster's experience does not accord with the proverb that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, for while the French have been recog-

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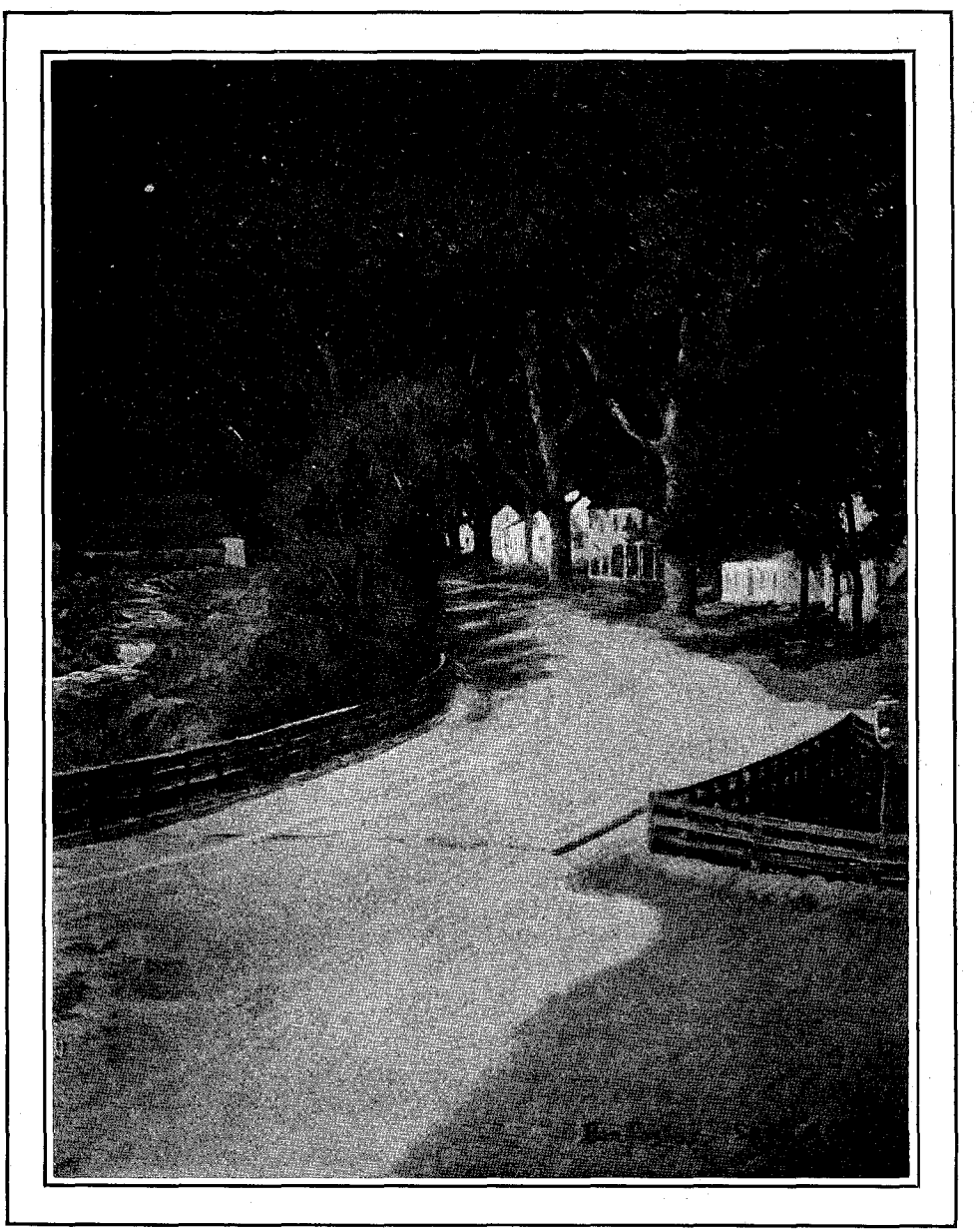
nizing his merit as an artist, he has also met with recognition at home. He received last autumn the silver medal and the prize of a thousand dollars at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg for his canvas entitled "Misty Moonlight." He has also received this spring the Webb Prize at the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists in this city—a prize offered for the most meritorious landscape in the exhibition painted by an American artist. This also is a picture of poetic and imaginative quality, and depicts a New England intervale with a mountain in the background partly covered by a mist which is rolling away under the influence of a warm and cheering morning sun. Mr. Foster's special work as a landscapist is to interpret the quiet, gentle, and meditative side of the woods and fields and hills. As a painter of the poetic, one may almost say of the dreamy aspects of the face of nature, he is not surpassed by any of the rising school of American artists.



LULLED BY THE MURMURING STREAM

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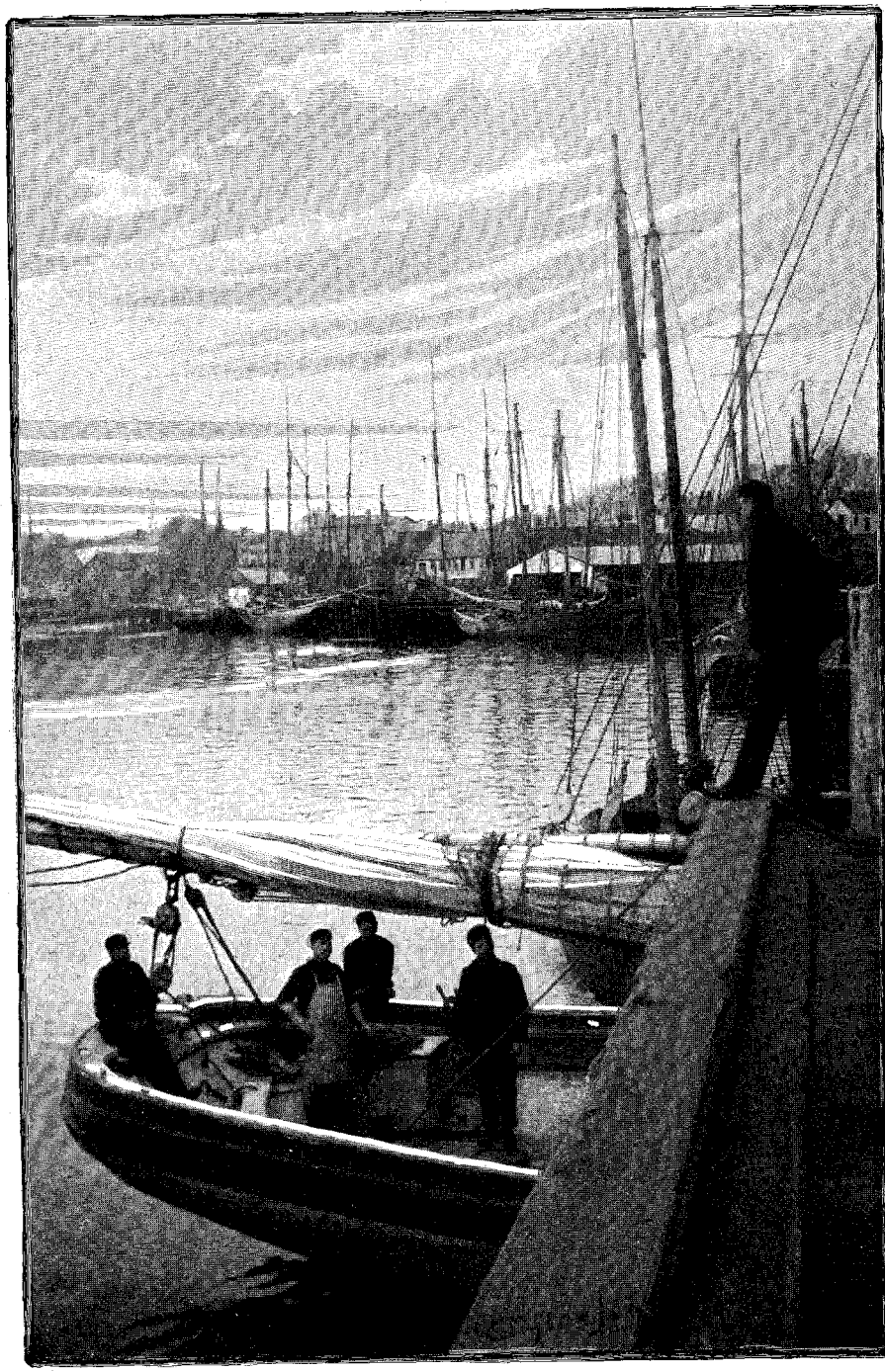

GLOUCESTER HARBOR

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GLOUCESTER: THE FISHING CITY

BY LILLIAN W. BETTS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

A NEW background must be provided the short story-writer who has made the fisherman and his environment the theme of his story, the Atlantic seacoast the stage for his actors. A less romantic background than Cape Ann at the present day could not be found. Miles of her rugged coast and beautiful indented bays are in the possession of her fishery interests. Storehouses, smoke-houses, lofts for the preparing of salt fish, and wharfs represent millions in plants that wait on the coming and going of the fishing fleets. Quarries with derricks and guys from water-edge to peak of miles of her rugged coast, with railroads and wharfs and crushers, the clipping and chipping of hundreds of hammers, tell of millions more in possession of another stretch of her coasts. Of the courage and tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon blood in keeping its grip on this rocky Cape, a walk through the streets of Gloucester furnishes hourly evidence. Here very modern houses are perched on terraces, built on side-hills, while the contours of her streets seem to have followed the outline of the boulders her houses must have displaced. Few of her old houses remain, but of these many are still in the possession of the heirs of the original owners. At first glance Gloucester seems like a new, a very new, city, in spite of the records which show her first settlement to have been made in 1623. The reason for this is that her growth was very slow until 1875, since which year it has been phenomenal. Devastating fires having made much rebuilding necessary, the impression of newness is strong.

It is interesting to trace the evolution of the characteristic industry of Gloucester. While the first settlement was for the distinct purpose of establishing fishing-grounds, it was the coast of Maine, not Massachusetts, that was the field and the haven sought. The master did not succeed on the Maine coast, and he decided it "good to pass into Massachusetts Bay, to try whether that would yield him any." Evidently it did, for he sailed for Spain with his cargo, leaving a company of men behind him. Gloucester has passed through many industrial and commercial phases. Her first settlers took to agriculture in spite of her rocky land and their first purpose. In 1727 many of her people emigrated to Salem, because the farming land was overcrowded. The next commercial and industrial evolution was the cutting and shipping of wood in her own vessels built in her own harbors. This, in the nature of things, on the limited area, was of short-lived duration. The plant, the vessels, remained, and must be turned to use. The ocean lay before the town, and by an easy change the vessels were turned into fishing-vessels, with more or less success, principally less; for in 1840 the industry was at a low ebb, so low as barely to afford a living to the people of the town, so poor as to hold no inducement to outsiders to settle. For years the increase in the population of Gloucester was a natural increase, barely affected by the coming of new people. It was this which preserved its characteristics; the marriages were among the original families, producing a sturdy race physically and morally—a race of patriots. From the beginning of her history every call for military service has found the men of Gloucester eager and ready to respond. The Revolution ruined her fishing industry. Her vessels hunted the seas to harass and worry the British, and the story of her losses on land and water proves the stuff of which her people were made. The war of 1812, the Civil War, both found Gloucester alert to meet the needs of the Nation. Poverty never deterred her, nor the limited number of men who were left to protect and develop her industry. Every hamlet in her boundaries

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has its monument to the men who have died in the country's service.

The harbor of Gloucester at one time was the busy shipping center of a foreign trade which, in its turn, left that harbor as the lumber trade had left it. To-day she has her India Square, the center of residence of retired captains, the distinctive mark of her age and early importance.

Boat-building has been a leading industry from her earliest days. One of her first settlers was said to have built a ship of six hundred tons before he left England. The schooner was born in Gloucester. As the first model glided from the stocks to the water, a boatman exclaimed, "See how she scoons!" "A schooner let her be," was her maker's comment. Not the least of Gloucester's renown is that schooners and Universalism in this country were both born on the cape to which she has now given her name, for Pigeon Cove, Annisquam, and all the rest of the far-famed shore are part of the incorporated city of Gloucester, a name given by its first settlers, most of whom, it is said, came from Gloucester, England. The two cities have exchanged portraits. The picture of the Gloucester in the New World hangs in the council chamber of the old Gloucester, while a picture of Old World Gloucester hangs in the Mayor's room of the New World Gloucester, the latter bearing this inscription: "For it is certain that Apollo promises that in a new clime there shall be another Salamis." This painting was a gift of the Member of Parliament from Gloucester, 1869, in recognition of courtesies extended to his son in the New World Gloucester.

The prosperity of Gloucester dates from 1860. The increased demand for fish as a food started a new activity in this industry, which had heretofore lived but did not thrive. Improved boats, fishing-gear, better knowledge of the habits of fish, discovery of better fishing-grounds, all contributed to the result. The tide had

DAUGHTERS OF THE QUARRY—LITTLE FINNS

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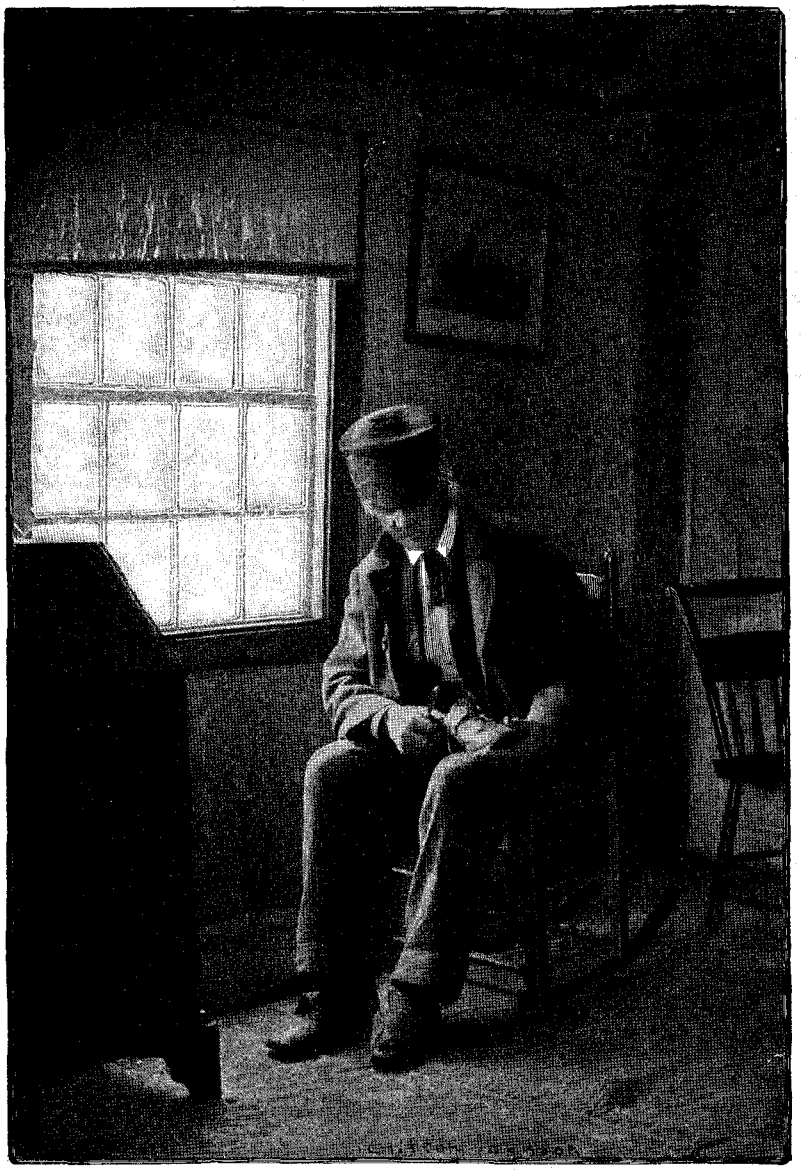

AN OLD RESIDENT AT HOME

turned for Gloucester, and she grasped her opportunity. The new knowledge drew her men into larger fields involving larger risks, and she stands to-day mistress of the field, the queen of the fishing industries in this country.

The fishing in Gloucester has passed through many changes. There are men who remember when fishing was a matter of going out but a short distance and catching every day all that a man could care for. As the years went on, a good haul or catch near shore was a rarer and rarer occurrence. The introduction of trawl-fishing rapidly increased the fishing area. As the fishing-ground was found further off shore, the boats grew larger; the man of money was able to own a share in many boats; the crews became, as time went on, laborers who shared in the results of their own labor. This method still prevails. The men have contracts, and share equally in the profits—a more satisfactory basis than the old one of taking out the tongues of the cods to have them counted at the end of the day's labor,

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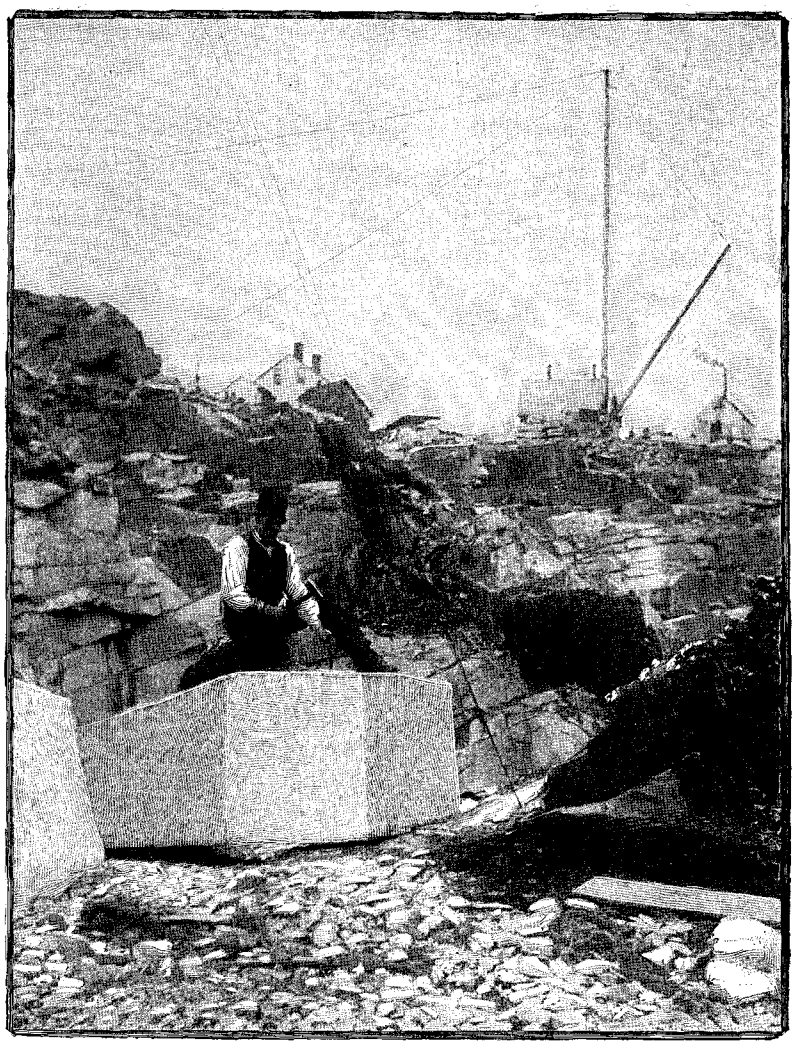

AT WORK IN A CAPE ANN QUARRY

or marking each halibut with a man's private mark and counting these as a man's earnings, subject to cost specified. The difference in each day's return to each man of the crew varied, and while this method of tally prevailed for a long period, it was not, on the whole, considered fair. Profit-sharing is the present practice. The basis may be that one-half of the gross catch or "fare" goes to the vessel; from the other half expenses are deducted, and the balance, in which the vessel has again a share, is divided. Sometimes the basis is a fifth; whatever the basis, the vessel gets her assignment first on the gross, then one share of the net earnings, sharing costs equally with the crew. The shore fishing is still carried on. There are boats that leave and return in a day—a very small part of the whole number in the harbor. There are vessels that go for two or three days; and when the season is a good one, this branch of industry is very profitable. The two and three weeks' trips vary greatly in the returns. The Banks trips have called in the capitalist. The boats and equipment for this long-distance fishing are expensive; the stores must be provided in bulk, and there must be provision for the family of the fisherman while he is gone. Often when his share of the expenses of the trip, food, salt, etc., and the support of his family during his absence, are deducted, his balance is very small, and he must at once reship for another cruise.

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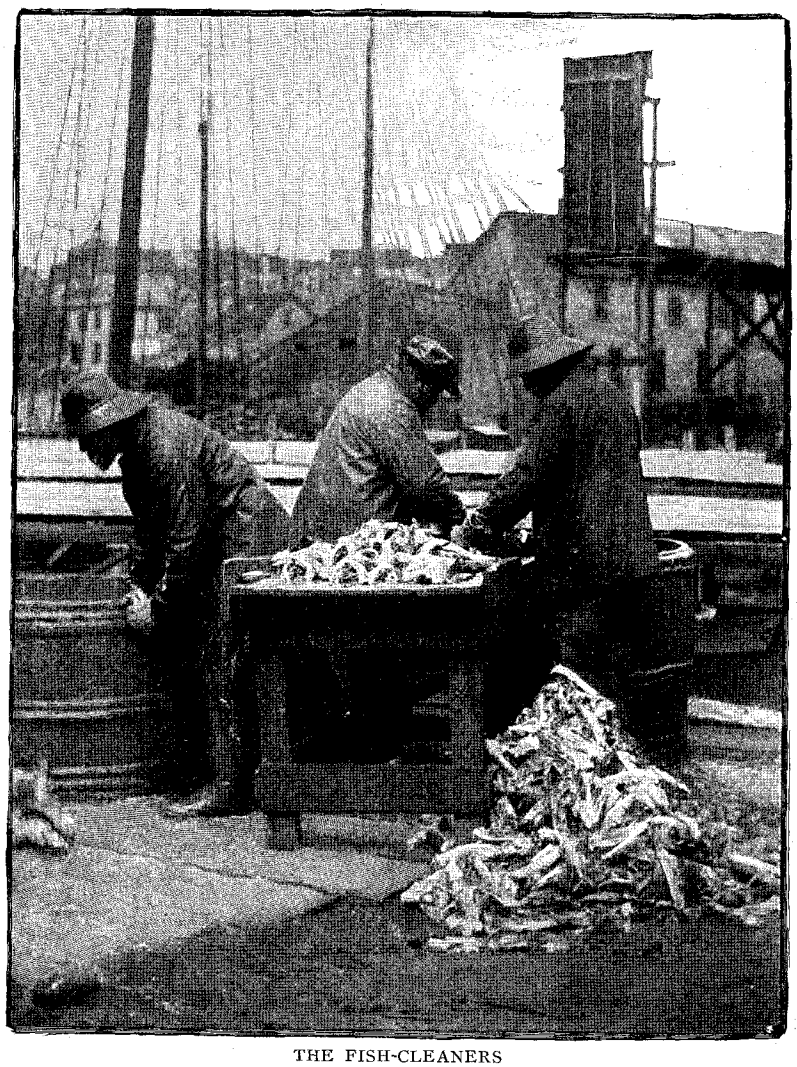

THE FISH-CLEANERS

The trawl and seine have, in some branches of fishing and on some grounds, entirely displaced the hook and line. Mackerel-fishing has appeared and disappeared on the eastern Atlantic coast. As early as 1657 mackerel was an article of commerce. In 1692 the General Court forbade the catching of mackerel in nets or seines, or their use, except when fresh, before July 1. Until 1821 the catch was small, but since that time, with varying seasons, mackerel-fishing has remained an important part of the fishery interests of Gloucester. There are men in the business in Gloucester who say that some measure of protection will yet have to be given all kinds of fish on our Atlantic coast. This prophecy is made, although all agree that the greatest change in the industry has come with the birth of the century. The spring of 1900 saw the first fishing-boat equipped with auxiliary power, and witnessed her complete success. Her earnings were the largest ever made in a season by one boat. One man explained it: "There was the fish, millions of them, and not a breath to move a boat. Chug-a-chug, away she went, and scooped 'em in; we looked on."

All agree that fishing has entered on a new era, and the day of sails as entire dependence for long-distance fishing is going. Some men say that this will change the working fisherman's relations; that the far greater cost of the boat and the cost of running must, in the nature of

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things, make the question of wages prominent, and the end will be a reduction in the fisherman's earnings. The opposite view is taken by many, as the men worked on shares on the new boat this year, and earned more than the men on the sail-boats. The new motive-power must be other than steam. The boats need all their space for fish; carrying coal is out of the question. The inventive genius of the country will solve the problem of generating a power from fuel, small in bulk, inexpensive, quick, and powerful. The fuel used in the new boat is gasoline. The cruises vary in their success; the years' records vary greatly, but the Gloucester of to-day tells the story of success in spite of fluctuations. The years show a steady gain. There is now a market always open. Refrigerated cars carry the product of the cruise west and south. When this demand is met, right at the docks are lofts and smoke-houses ready for the fish, fresh or salt, as it has been for the fisherman's interest to deliver it.

Here invention and chemistry have revolutionized the business. Labor, the chief factor in the curing of fish, is being displaced by machinery in one direction and called in in another. Chemistry has turned all the waste into a valuable product; the skin of the cod is now turned into a patented coffee-settler; and a fertilizer is the product of the scraps cast aside in making the preparations for the table, which are constantly growing more dainty and attractive. This department of the business gives employment to hundreds of boys, girls, young women, and men.

Anything less like a fishing hamlet than the Gloucester of to-day could not be conceived. A city of paved streets, electric cars, free postal collection and delivery, electric lights, and the telephone, and that last mark of commercial greatness, a foreign population and consequent social problems—that is the Gloucester of to-day. Previous to 1850 there were very few foreign-born people on the whole Cape. To-day there is an Irish population owning a handsome Roman Catholic church of stone, a rectory, and a library in stone and brick, a parochial school, and several small churches. A Roman Catholic church for the Portuguese is in process of finishing in the center of the Portuguese section. These people are a most interesting part of the population. The men are the crews of the fishing-vessels, which are for the most part owned and sailed by the natives of Gloucester, but rarely manned by them. Many of these Portuguese own their own houses, while others have erected three and four-storied houses occupied by four and more families. These are the modern fisherman's "huts." From many of the windows no glimpse of the sea is given. The storm rages, the waves beat, and the fog enwraps the Cape, but the fisherman's wife cannot stand on the shore and peer out for the vessel she knows so well, for the shore is covered with storehouses, smoke-houses, lofts for drying fish. At night she does not sit alone in terror, nor does she go in a driving storm to her neighbor's for comfort or to comfort, for her neighbor is upstairs, downstairs, across the hall, at her door. Every American in Gloucester speaks well of these people. "The women are beautiful needlewomen; they stay closer in their homes than the women of any other nation," is the testimony of the women of Gloucester. The streets of houses, the interests in vessels, the mercantile establishments in Portuguese possession, are the evidences of their thrift and industry. The Sunday-school, numbering about one hundred and fifty when visited, was entirely under the control of young girls not more than eighteen, some barely fifteen, yet good order and attention were the rule. The Nova Scotian rarely becomes a permanent resident. He appears in great numbers in the late winter, and returns home in the fall when the herring-fishing begins. Some become capitalists and are part owners of the vessels in which they sail. They make valuable members of the community, and are a large factor in the commercial success of Gloucester.

Another industry is rapidly gaining ground on Cape Ann. Her quarries are carrying her name around the world. This industry has attracted the Scotch and the Finns, especially the latter, who are taking possession of the old houses on the north shore, and building houses to meet their needs. The Finns live by themselves, have their own church, their own entertainment hall, keep their habits and their language, deal with their own

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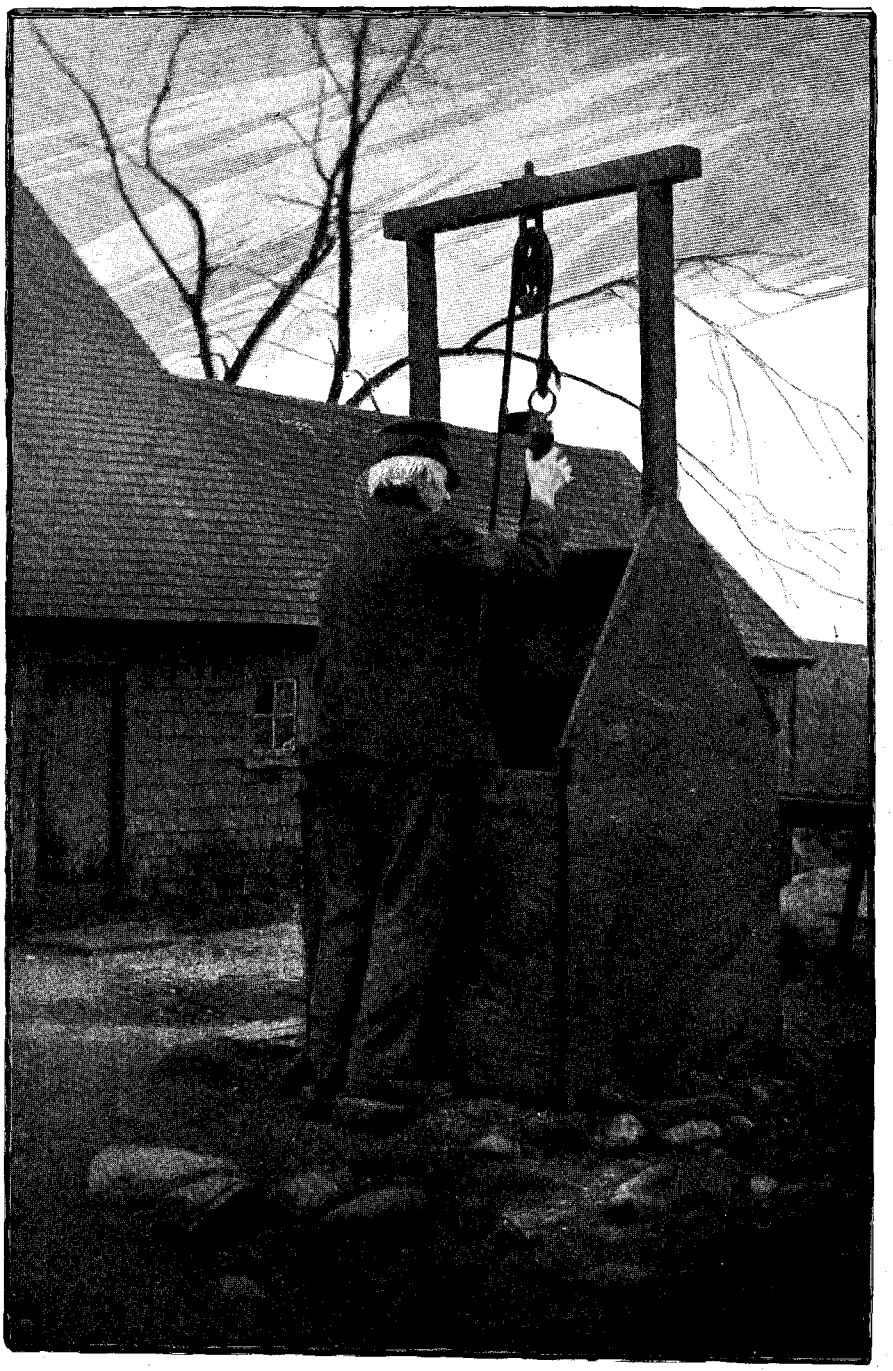

AT THE OLD WELL

This well belongs to the historic Ellery house, the oldest in Gloucester.

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SPREADING THE FISH TO DRY

merchants when they have money—but the company store must restrict this tendency. The children are sturdy, rarely pretty, and seem intelligent but unresponsive, wholly different in this last respect from the children of the Portuguese. The Finnish women neither in clothes nor houses seem as clean and tidy as the women of the other Scandinavian races who have come to us; at least their houses on Cape Ann would indicate a marked difference in these particulars. It is rather significant that the natives of Gloucester refer to the Portuguese as citizens, to the Finns as foreigners. The schools on the Cape are excellent and are well attended—the usual record of Massachusetts. The high school is a fine building, well equipped, and, with the town libraries, a source of local pride.

For not a few years Gloucester has wanted a suitable breakwater built on a bar to make her harbor more safe. At present the unfinished breakwater is most dangerous. At this writing a large schooner is lying on top of the stones of the breakwater, a complete wreck. It is two years since any work has been done there. So with the fisheries question, beyond the few whose National pride is touched, and the fishermen dependent on the decision of these questions to be freed from restrictions and annoyances, the mass of the people of the country have been bored by the discussion. To such communities as Gloucester these are the

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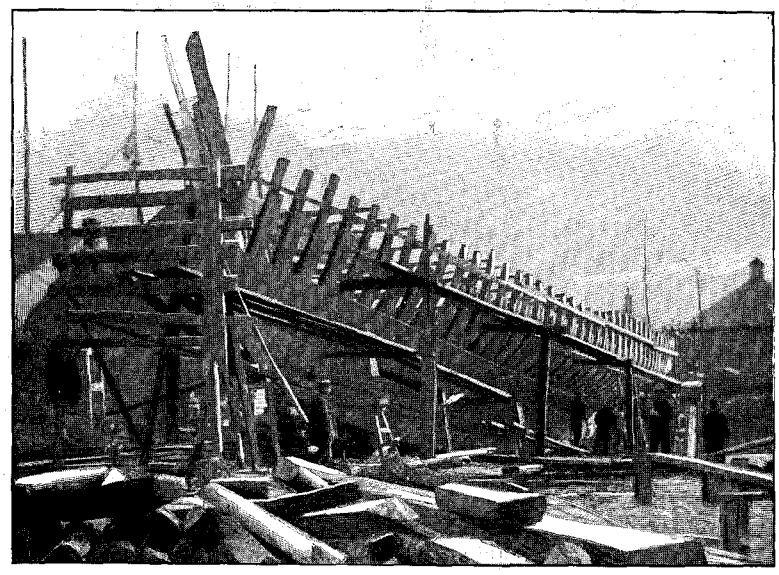
paramount questions, and the world is selfish or cruel that does not respond to their vital issues. Few realize that on Cape Ann the fisheries question began in 1625, when the Dorchester Company sought to eject a company of Pilgrims and sent a representative to accomplish it. Miles Standish demanded a surrender of the English, and had it not been for the diplomacy of the gracious Roger Conant, blood would have been shed.

There is one permanency in Gloucester. The sea still takes men and ships. Women are widowed, children are made fatherless. The records vary but little. Now and then a storm takes so many that the world pauses and comments. One wonders how life can move on with this constant shadow descending or just passing away from the community. When one reads of the disasters which have left scores of children, in some years hundreds of children, fatherless, the absence of poverty from Gloucester cannot be understood. The cargoes pay one-fourth of one per cent. to the Widows' Fund. A house has been built to secure for the most needy comfortable tenement homes. "We always help them to get on their feet, and they keep there afterward," was the explanation. "The summer boarders make lots of work." There are problems in Gloucester, as her daily papers clearly show, but degrading poverty is not one of them.

As one stands on any bluff far up on the heights of the city, looking at her outer or inner harbor, or over on her northern shore, one repeats Champlain's old name, "Beauport;" and were it not for the sentiment "Gloucester" represents, one would wish that the name of the French chevalier had been retained.

The story-writer whose theme is the fisherman and his environment must not select a coast encircled by an electric car, lighted by electricity, having churches of every denomination and isms of the newest, public and high schools, water supply that has been the theme of political discords. Cape Ann is not the stage for story-writers. She still has nooks and crannies where one may shut out the sight of shipping, of derrick, and of wharf. The water still dashes over her rocky shore, the lights still change and linger on headland and ocean; sails still lie against the horizon in lazy angles, or rock on dimpled surface; ships on the distant horizon, like great giants, inspire the imagination; the waves still murmur and laugh at one's feet, but the romance of fishing is gone. Its sorrow remains in broken hearts and homes. But the men who go down to the sea in ships have every provision made for their safety on ship and shore. The market waits on them, and the day of uncertain return from the cargo is passed, for the science of the world and its inventions have been turned to the fisherman's service.



A GLOUCESTER SHIP-BUILDING YARD

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The New Attorney-General

Philander C. Knox, whose commission as Attorney-General of the United States was signed by President McKinley early in April, is a native of Pennsylvania, the son of a Pennsylvania banker, and a graduate of Mount Union College at Alliance, Ohio; it was while attending college at this place that he became acquainted with President McKinley, at that time a practicing Ohio lawyer. Mr. Knox has spent most of his life in Pittsburg, where he has had a long and honorable career at the bar and as Assistant United States Attorney to the Western District of Pennsylvania. Mr. Knox was President of the Pennsylvania Bar Association in 1897, has written and spoken ably on corporation law, and is a member of the Union League and Lawyers' Club of New York, the Lawyers' Club of Philadelphia, and several well-known social and athletic associations.

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A Deception

By Edith R. Crosby

IT was at the front, in South Africa, during a temporary lull in the hostilities. Dunscombe, the special war correspondent of one of the London dailies, and Russell, the special artist of a New York weekly, had struck up a friendship, born partly of ennui, partly of the attraction of opposites, a pleasurable interfusion of nerves with no-nerves, of sound common sense with imaginative idealism.

They had been having dinner together—such as it was—and were now smoking their pipes in ruminative, after-dinner mood.

It was the American who first broke the silence.

"Something has got on my nerves tonight, Dunscombe. I don't know how it is, but I feel lonely and confidential. I don't suppose you understand that—it's an American mood, I 'guess'! I have a mind to make use of you as a father confessor. You can look from a fresh standpoint at a moral question which I have puzzled over until I have blurred all its outlines."

He stopped and stretched his long legs out in front of him, while he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

Dunscombe shook his head.

"Don't ask me to judge any moral problem for you, my dear fellow," he said. "It's too hot."

But Russell was not to be put off. Americans are like the Psalmist in that, when their heart is hot within them, they *must* speak with their tongues.

"Most men who knock about the world as we do can make little portable houses of their memories," he began. "They needn't stay in them when they don't want to, but they *have* them, and, by turning a key and opening a door, they can step into the familiar little place, all full of household Lares and Penates, from the most unfamiliar surroundings. I don't say that I envy them. I have never thought myself a domestic man. I am simply stating a fact. I have never had a home since I was a baby, and have never loved a woman. I don't complain of this vagrant life into which I have drifted. It has its interests; but it is not exactly the kind of life I should have chosen if I had taken time to think about it. I've been in China, and Abyssinia, and Cuba, and the Soudan, but they are not quite the places in which to learn true love, or find true women. I have rarely been within the limits of our Western civilization for any length of time; never long enough to lose the character of outsider and looker-on. I tell you all this to excuse a little the mistake into which I fell, and which I am about to confess to you.

"It was in Florence. I had just come back from China, after the war, and had a month or two of leisure before me. There was nothing to take me back to America, and I decided to spend my holiday in seeing pictures—nice, quiet, mediæval pictures of Madonnas and angels, to rest my eyes, which felt all yellow and dislocated from a surfeit of Chinamen. So I went to Florence, and haunted the Uffizi.

"On my second or third visit my attention was unpleasantly arrested by a most painful copy of a most painful Saint of Carlo Dolce's. The blue was very blue and the pink very pink, the eyes were abnormally big and rolled up, and the whole thing reeked with false sentiment and false art, 'polished,' as Ruskin says somewhere, 'into inanity.' Working patiently and ploddingly at the very pink fingers of the folded hands sat a little, plain creature in a dull gray gown and spectacles. I have always felt a sort of wondering pity for copyists, just as I have for stokers and stewardesses and 'sandwich men'—a certain sad curiosity to know how they ever were driven into such a hopeless existence. I stood still and watched this member of the dreary company at her work. Every stroke of her brush was a miracle of conscientious precision, given only after long scrutiny of the original. She matched her colors as I have seen women match ribbon in a country store, with much comparing and turning to the light; and, after satisfying herself that she had succeeded in finding

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just the right shade, she would apply it carefully, and then tilt her head to one side and contemplate the effect with a sigh of relief. She was very neat—a bad sign for an artist. Her little, thin, nervous hands were innocent of paint; her gray gown was immaculate. Her ash-blonde hair she seemed to have looked upon as something to be gotten out of the way as expeditiously as possible; it was neither crimped nor 'banged,' but drawn back from her forehead without parting, and twisted into a hard little knot. I don't know what there was about her that haunted me after I had gone into another room, but I had to come back before leaving the Gallery just to see if she were still so busily at work, although I was quite sure that she would be.

"The next day I arrived early, determined to go directly to the little room on the further corridor, where Botticelli's Venus was awaiting me; but, before I knew it, I found myself again before the Carlo Dolce. The little copyist was very busy. Her picture was nearly done, and she was adding the finishing touches—playing ladies' maid to her Saint, arranging the folds of her blue robe, smoothing her sleek hair, and putting a little fresh rouge under her big eyes. I noticed the same precision as before; her painting had none of the freedom of enthusiasm; it was pitifully pathetic. She was so intent upon her work that I was able to study her without attracting her attention. She was no longer young, nor yet old—about forty, perhaps; but her utter disregard of personal adornment, her indifference to making the most of herself as other women of her age would have done, made her seem rather older than younger; and yet there was something almost girlish in this very neglect, and there was a touching childlikeness in her dutiful earnestness. Her features were not bad, only a little pinched and careworn; and her eyes looked as if they might be pretty without the disfiguring spectacles. Her gray dress was as simple as dress could be; it was evidently made for covering, not, like Aaron's garments, 'for glory and for beauty.' No bit of ribbon or of lace betrayed any latent vanity. But what touched me most was the expression of joyless determination, the patient 'do-your-duty' look on her face, as if she had no illusions about herself or Carlo Dolce with which to gild her work.

"Something in her ways made me guess her to be a compatriot of my own, and, following a sudden impulse, I stepped to her side and asked her if her picture were already sold.

"She looked up at me with some surprise, but quite unaffectedly, and without the least flutter of self-consciousness or gratification, although I fancied that the sound of my American voice caused a certain friendliness in her answer.

"She told me that she had a permanent order for her copies from a dealer who paid her well enough for such work.

"'I'm not very fond of this kind of picture myself,' she added, 'but it answers the demands of the *vox populi*.' The little harmless attempt at pedantry betrayed the New Englander. 'Not always the *vox Dei*, you think?' I asked, to show her that I was not an altogether unworthy fellow-countryman, even though I *did* 'hail' from Philadelphia. She nodded a smiling approval at my erudition, and showed no objection to my continuing the conversation and asking her all sorts of questions about her work and her interests. But while she answered me in little, precise, unadorned sentences, she kept punctiliously at work, patting her Saint gently here and there with her brush, and tilting her head like a sparrow to get the effect.

"It was the story of a poor, colorless little life which I got from her in this way little by little. It made me wish that she would stop polishing up that exasperating Carlo Dolce and turn her attention to putting some scarlet and purple and fine linen upon her own neglected existence. She was the daughter of a Congregational parson, in a little New England village, who had made no objection to her using the few hundreds which she had inherited from an aunt in coming abroad to study art. Curiously unpractical views of life some of those country parsons have! He was fond of his daughter in his way, and showed his fondness for her by letting her carry out the dream of her girlhood, even although it involved her crossing the ocean alone at twenty and making her own way in a foreign land, with no knowledge of the language, and only a few little amateur landscape sketches as pass-

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port into the world of art! On reaching Florence she had fallen in love with it at first sight, and decided to pitch her tent there, which would have been all very well if she had fallen into the right hands; but she made her first fatal step in the selection of a teacher, partly through inexperience, partly because his appearance was artistic according to her preconceived ideas of the type—curly gray locks and rubbed velveteens—and chiefly, perhaps, because he was inexpensive and had a few sentences of English at his command. Fortunately for her, he was a good and kindly man, although evidently no artist. He told her that landscape-painting was nothing, that one might have stayed in America to do that; that the advantage of living under the shadow of the Pitti and the Uffizi was plainly the opportunity they afforded the student of art for copying their treasures. She was put relentlessly to work in the Galleries, instead of on the soft gray slopes of Fiesole; she was not even allowed the choice of her pictures. Her master was a provident man, and felt that he was doing her a service against her will in forcing her to copy those subjects for which he knew she would receive the most steady remuneration. He impressed her by his assertiveness, and, in her ignorance, she thought that an Italian artist *must* know best. But at first, although outwardly docile, she was inwardly rebellious; her poor little soul was thirsting for beauty, and underneath the instinctive obedience to authority there was the equally instinctive insubordination of the ideal, which has caused so many Puritan tragedies. She even tried to do a little congenial outdoor work on her own account on holidays, but she found that her eyes were not fresh enough, after a tiring week in the Galleries, to see the soft grays and sunny yellows of the happy Tuscan country correctly. Then her little stock of money melted away; news came of her father's death; she had no one to fall back upon if her own efforts should fail, and was forced to keep her Pegasus in the plow-harness whether or no. And so she slipped silently into the rank and file of the great dismal army of copyists, not loving her work, disillusioned as to her vocation, but dutiful and uncomplaining, shriveled, not soured, and patiently earning her bread in a gray monotony of existence which matched her gown.

"She had no friends, and seemed neither to have nor to expect any pleasures. I could see that when she had resigned her artistic ambitions she had given up all thought of herself as any one to be indulged or entertained—perhaps she had felt that there would be less struggle if everything were thrown overboard than if she should try to cling to a part.

"She did not tell me all I am telling you, nor did I learn it all at once; it took several days of questioning and several nights of fitting the reticent little answers together and making deductions before I had it all clearly before me as I have told the story to you.

"She did not seem to mind my daily visits to the corner where her easel stood, but took me for granted, like everything else in her life; I could not flatter myself that it gave her pleasure to see me, for, limited though my knowledge of women is, I should never have dreamed it possible for any woman under eighty to be so entirely free from even the most innocent coquetry in her intercourse with one of our sex. I don't know why I talked to her, or why she interested me. She was a plain little creature, without any particular charm, I suppose. I was immensely sorry for her, all the more so because she did not seem to be sorry for herself. I felt like tossing her mawkish Saint out of the window; I felt like shaking the acquiescence in fate out of her soul; I felt like throwing some purple mantle bordered with ermine over her gray gown! The fact is, I was as much alone in Florence as she was, and had nothing to do but meddle with what did not concern me!

"We did a good deal of talking. She had read much and understandingly, and had made herself a little world of abstract interests to take the place of real life. I was surprised at the quickness of her insight and the clearness of her judgment. We walked through the Gallery together sometimes during the short respites from work which she allowed herself, and it quite took my breath away to hear the little copyist of Carlo Dolce and Guido Reni point out the subtle beauties of a Leonardo, and find just the right words in which to express the simple dignity of

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a Giotto. But what I liked best was to look at her when we passed the open window over the Arno. Then she would take off her spectacles (she only needed them for copying at close quarters), and her face would seem to expand like a flower in the sun. After seeing that change, as from drab to gold, two or three times, I was quite sure that she had made the mistake of her life in turning her back upon Nature, and I began to plot to bring them together again.

"It was a wonderful spring; Florence was all sunshine and roses. I decided to do my best to make the little woman play truant, and suggested to her to put aside her painting for a day and come with me to the Certosa in the Val d'Ema. Its little cells look out over one of the most lovely views in the world, and after enjoying it we could lunch *al fresco* under some olive or ilex tree, and take in a sunset on our way home. As she hesitated a moment with her answer, I added laughingly that I thought it would be quite proper for us even without a chaperon, as we were members of the same great American family, and neither of us in our first youth. I rather hoped that she might resent the latter reason, but I might have known better. I might have known, too, that she did not belong to the artificial class which measures right and wrong by the yardstick of etiquette.

"'I was not doubting the propriety,' she answered simply, "but it mustn't cost too much, because I am rather less of a Crœsus than usual this spring.'

"I knew that *her* measure of right and wrong would not allow her to accept of even this little excursion as a gift, so I had to content myself with assuring her that the expense would be very slight, as we should take one of the cheap public conveyances, and perhaps walk part of the way back. I only stipulated that I, as originator of the expedition, should be allowed to bring the lunch, promising that it should be most frugal. After weighing the matter a moment, she consented."

Russell paused, as if the reminiscence of the past were crowding out the present from his mind.

A brief "Go on" from Dunscombe roused him.

"Our picnic was a success. I had persuaded her to take her sketch-book, and had put an old one of my own into the lunch-basket between the Chianti and the cold chicken. We talked, and sketched, and ate, and laughed, and wandered among the trees; and, before the end of our day, I felt something of the satisfaction of a doctor who sees that his cure is beginning to work. It was a pleasure to see how the sunshine and fresh air, and the glorious view of Florence lying beneath us like a sparkling jewel on the silver necklace of the Arno, put emphasis into her usually neutral personality. I could see that, although in accepting the treadmill life of a copyist she had 'gone back on' Nature, it had been largely from fear lest so great a love should interfere with the accomplishment of her daily tasks.

"'Such a sight as this,' she acknowledged when I asked her why she did not make these little excursions more often—'such a sight as this dazzles my eyes like staring at the sun; for days afterwards the pictures in the Gallery seem like black spots to me.'

"I was surprised at the sketch she made after luncheon, when the shadows began to lengthen. Although amateurish, it was suggestive and full of a loving truthfulness. I noticed that, in making it, her hand worked with much greater freedom than when copying, and that she did not match her colors with the same painful precision. When I told her that it was very good, she looked at me sharply to see if I meant it, and then I saw her face flush with real pleasure for the first time.

"She examined some old sketches in my book with much interest, and asked intelligent questions, but, having happened upon one which I had forgotten, a very horrid one of a battlefield during an action, she put down the book, looking rather pale; and, after a moment's hesitation, she asked me shyly why I had chosen to be a war artist, and whether I did not sometimes feel as if I had my art by the hair and were dragging it through the mire?

"It was what I had often felt, and I had often asked myself why I went on doing just by the force of routine what I had never ceased inwardly sickening at all these years. But I only told her that my war sketches had no pretensions to being art, that they were only a bread-and-butter trade like any other.

"'Like mine,' she said, a little sadly.

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I was glad of the sadness. I had a brutal desire to make her discontented. I suggested that we, both of us, undoubtedly, preserved an unsullied Ideal of Art on a pedestal in our hearts, to which we knelt in our quiet hours, and asked forgiveness for our sins against her. I remember her answer very well. It was one of those characteristic sayings which are as much a part of a memory-portrait as any feature of the face.

"'I do not think that Ideals let themselves be caught and set on pedestals,' she said, gravely. 'They hover before us, and are always on the wing. If we wish to keep them, we must follow them. I have lost sight of mine long ago. I am too stationary.'

"Our first outing led to many more during the next six weeks, to the frequent neglect of Carlo Dolce. We patronized every tram and *vettura* that led out of Florence into the Tuscan country. The lunch-basket and the sketch-books always accompanied us. They were pleasant days."

Russell stopped again. He had been walking up and down; now he came back to his seat.

"I am making my story far too long," he said; "the rest shall be told in as few words as possible. About two months after our first meeting we were spending an afternoon on the slope of Bello Squardo. Her sketch that day had been excellent. Indeed, she had been making steady progress, and, with a technical hint or two from me, had attained quite an astonishing freedom and security. It gave me great pleasure, for I felt that this renewed intimacy with Nature was my doing. I determined to speak to her seriously about her future, and to insist that she should not relapse into her former mechanical 'days' work.' She listened eagerly, her eyes (they *were* pretty without the spectacles) watching my face as I spoke. I don't know what I said, or how I said it; I only know that I must, quite unintentionally, have given her a wrong impression. I suppose I talked very earnestly, for I had the matter very much at heart; but I had no idea *how* earnest I must have seemed to her until I saw her face suddenly change, and shine out upon me as if lit by an inner sun. I had not noticed any difference in her before, except that she talked more freely, and sketched better, and looked more alive; all of which I had put down to Nature's account. But now, all at once, I saw something in her eyes which even I, ignorant though I was in such matters, knew had not come there through Nature.

"Don't think me a conceited fool—I know very well it was not *I*, or my personal value; it was just the belief that she was *cared for*, she who had never been really cared for in her life! I noticed, too, now that I had been awakened, that her hair was done more becomingly, and that she had a little lace thing (jabot don't they call it?) down the front of her old gray gown.

"Never in all my life before did I pass such a bad quarter of an hour as after having made this discovery. I felt that she expected me to tell her that I cared for her. My instinctive feeling was that I must not undeceive her until I could think it over and find out how it would hurt her least. Fortunately, it was time to go back. So she kept her happy, expectant face, and probably put her own satisfactory construction upon my embarrassed silence on the way home.

"My night was not a pleasant one. I had felt so secure, with my gray hair and her spectacles, that this was a bolt out of a blue sky. I had never once questioned our feelings towards each other—it had all seemed so natural, the intimate intercourse had 'just growed,' like Topsy. I knew that my holiday had been a very happy one, but love and marriage had always seemed as much outside of me and the possibilities of my life as a landed estate and a title, or a crown and scepter! I had been priding myself that, for once, I was really useful, in helping the first woman friend I had ever had to improve her life; and all the while I had been unconsciously doing my best to ruin it! It was the belief that somebody cared for her that had brought back the color to her cheeks and to her existence; and, if I took it out again, the old gray would turn black. *I could not do it!* If it had only been any one else, any one who had other windows through which the light might come when this one was walled up!

"Of course I would have married her if that would have helped matters, bad bargain though she would have found me;

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but if the discovery that she expected it should prompt me to do that which had not been suggested by my care for her, she was far too clever to live long by my side without being undeceived; and it was the loss of her illusion which I dreaded for her; I knew that it was far more to her than any mere husband.

"By the time that the first light crept into my window I had decided what seemed then the best thing to do for her happiness, but I assure you that I felt like a raw recruit going under fire for the first time.

"That evening, while the nightingales were singing, I took her for a walk in the Cascine. I think she knew what was coming, partly, for she had made herself look very nice, and her eyes had a soft sparkle. Of course I cannot tell you all I said, and I would not if I could; but I lied, and I think I must have lied well, for I saw no distrust in her face, nothing but pure confidence. I made her feel that I did care for her as much as she had thought; but I also gave her to understand that, for some indefinite and mysterious reason, marriage was impossible, and that I felt that the only course for me, now that I had told her my love, was to leave her. Probably my vague hints, which I tried to keep as free from falsehood as I could, gave her the impression that there was a terrible hereditary taint in my family, or some equally insurmountable obstacle. At all events, she was quite satisfied that it could not be, and was very reasonable and very brave, poor little woman!

"'You must not mind too much,' she comforted me, as if it were *I* who most needed comfort; and, indeed, I'm not sure that it was not. 'We have been two lonely people all our lives, and now, even in separation, we can never be so lonely again.'

"She had not led a life of renunciation for nothing! She knew how to gather up, and make the most of, what little sunshine fell amidst her shadows!

"We said good-by under the great ilex-trees. And—and that is all. I've not seen her since."

"Have you never heard from her?" asked Dunscombe.

"Never *from* her—and only once *of* her; by accident a year or more ago from a lady who crossed on the steamer from Brindisi to Alexandria with me, and had been spending the winter in Florence. I could not help asking her if she had ever noticed a little woman in gray copying in the Galleries. At first she could not remember any such person, but when I went a little more into details she recognized the description, but told me that the artist whom she thought I must mean never worked in the Galleries; on the contrary, she had made quite a reputation with her little water-color sketches of the country about Florence, and sold them as fast as she could make them. Seeing that I was interested, she offered to show me one of them which she happened to have in her steamer-trunk. She brought it to me—a tender little sketch of one of our old picnic-grounds, with the lunch-basket and an empty Chianti flask in the foreground. She told me that the old basket was a familiar object in her pictures; that she almost always brought it into her foregrounds. She supposed it was one of those artists' whims, like Wouverman's white horse. A friend of hers had taken her to the little woman's studio, up four or five flights of stairs in a shabby old "palazzo." I asked her how she looked and what she thought of her. I had to ask, although I dreaded her answer. My informant was a clever woman, given to putting her ideas into striking form.

"'You want to know what I think of her?' she said. 'I will tell you. There are two kinds of old maids: those who are like sunsets, and those who are like the dull evenings of rainy days in which there has been no sun. The little lady about whom you ask is a sunset old maid—a bright, soft sunset.'"

Russell stopped. After a rather long pause he added: "I have often thought of that; it has consoled me in a measure, and yet it has made me restless, too.

"What do you think? Do you give me absolution, or should I have undeceived her?"

"Do you really want my opinion?" answered Dunscombe, bluntly. "Then here it is. I absolve you from being a knave, but not from being a fool. And my advice is, go back to Florence and undeceive—*yourself!*"

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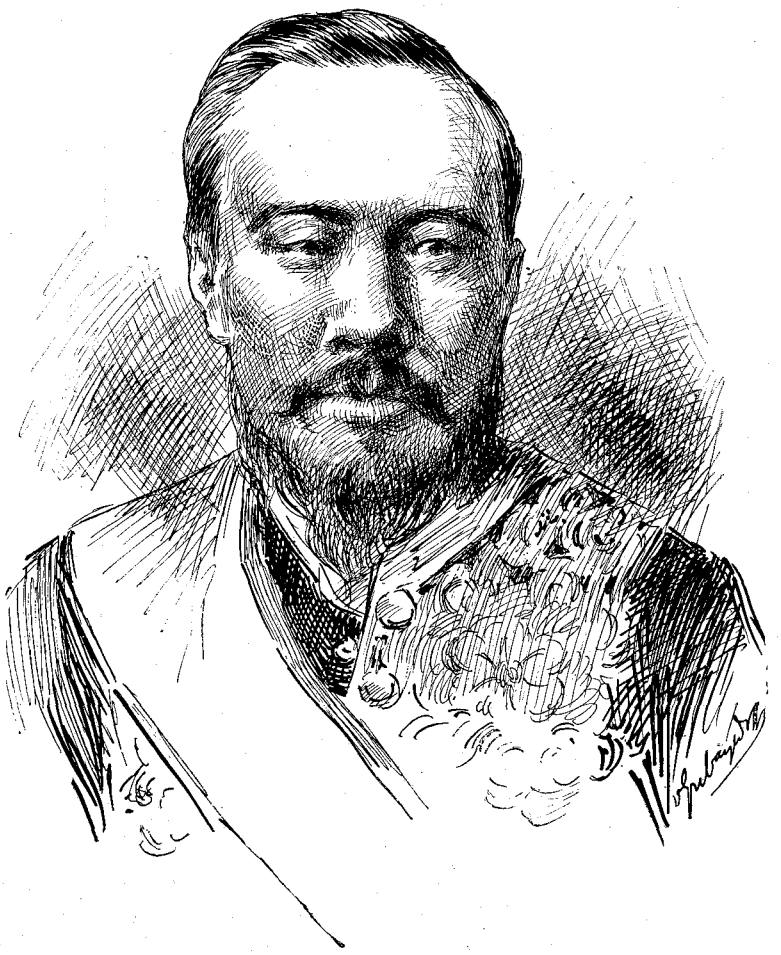

DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF

Ito Hirobumi

The recent critical situation between Russia and Japan—a crisis, indeed, which at one time many students of international affairs thought imminent of war—has again brought into special prominence the Japanese statesman who has been called the father of the Japanese Constitution. Ito, Okuma, and Yamagata have been the three great political leaders of Japan since the war with China, and the last named is more famous as commander-in-chief of the victorious Japanese army than as a statesman. Ito, indeed, has been connected with Japanese diplomacy since as long ago as 1864, when he helped negotiate the treaty with Great Britain, the United States, France, and Holland. He has been Premier several times, and, despite Cabinet changes, has always been respected by the best elements in Japan, because he has always stood for a strong, positive Japanese policy, combined with progressive political ideas as respects foreign intercourse and relations. His enemies have been almost invariably the reactionaries. The result of the war with China justified his radical policy. His retirement in 1896 was forced by the aversion of Japan to admit that it was necessary to accept the unsatisfactory terms forced upon Ito by Russia and the other Powers. But whenever danger of war with Russia is strong, Ito again comes to the front in the minds of all the people of Japan.

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THE FLOWERING DOGWOOD

Spring Flowers as They Grow

By Oscar von Engeln

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

THE TWIN LEAF

JUST as the sun seems to shine doubly clear after a succession of dull days, in so marked a contrast is the sense of freeness which comes to us from the wildwoods in spring, with the confinement of a city winter. And if those who seldom visit the woods and fields would come out of their city haunts and breathe the balmy woodland air of April-May, that air, they will find, is well worth the trip.

When on such an early excursion (after, say, one week of warm weather), the untrained eye naturally seeks the horizon, attracted by the azure blue of the sky, or perhaps by the fleecy clouds as they scud behind their curtain of, as yet, black-limned trees. But it is to mother earth we must turn for the first true children of the spring—the wild flowers.

Perchance the earliest to appear are the hepaticas, or liverworts. On sheltered, sun-kissed hillsides they will be found, wearing dainty fuzzy wraps to protect their slender stems from any chance cold wind, and exhaling a delicately delicious perfume from their white and sometimes pinkish-blue flowers. The leaves, which came after

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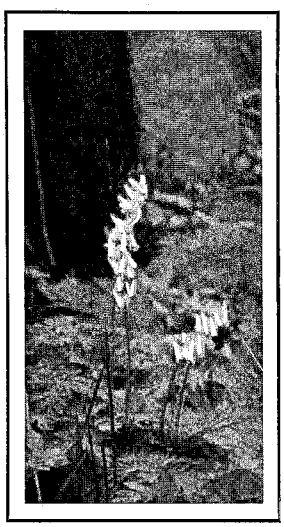
the flowering season last year, and were green all winter, are now turning red and dying off. They must have quarreled, those two, the leaf and bloom, in the far-distant past; and now whenever the one is visible the other sulks and fades away.

Not far away from the hepaticas, in another sunny spot, stand the latest generation of bloodroots, who, lacking the fuzzy overcoats of their neighbors, were content to wait in their leaves-encircling coat till they were sure all danger of a frost was over. Then forth they came, dazzling flower society with their starry beauty. Only a day or so were they with us (time enough for the honey-bee to make his fertilizing visit), and then the wind blew the snow-white petals hither and thither, and the bloodroots settled down to the serious business of reproducing their kind.

A MEMBER OF THE RUE FAMILY

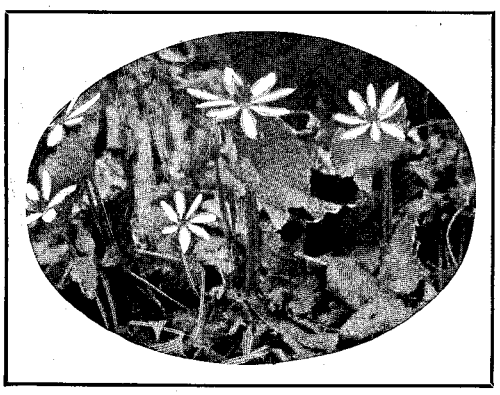
Note how close is the analogy of the relations between flower and leaf to wedded mankind. The leaf as a prosaic provider depends on the flower to bring beauty into their existence, and to be the mother of their offspring; and, as in human society, so in their case, the various stages of domestic bliss range between such extremes as loving bloodroots and quarreling hepaticas.



WHITE-HEARTS

There, for instance, you see the lily-bloom of the adder's-tongue, who, linked irrevocably to her spotted leaf companion, droops her head in shame. They do not appear in society; in some close thicket you will find them hidden, perhaps exchanging mutual reproaches, who knows? On yon rocky slope there are undoubtably some white-hearts, or Dutchman's-breeches. The baggy appearance of the two outer larger petals of each individual bloom are to some, perhaps, suggestive of this latter name. But by following this style of reasoning, we might argue from their snowy texture that the members of the raceme, growing from the leafless scape, represented the Dutchman's whole wardrobe, hung out upon the clothes-line after a rejuvenation in the washtub.

In the open woods, on the south side of a fallen tree, we get a first glimpse of the white flowers of the twin-leaf. On their long, slender stems they stand high above their modest neighbors, the spring-beauties; which, we note on coming closer, have carpeted the whole wide floor of the forest in white, pink, and green.



BLOODROOTS

But of all the wild flowers which bloom in spring, the white trillium is pre-eminently one of the choicest. Profusely scattered over hill and dale, by the side of the brook and in the deep woods, we find its clumps of stalks, governed throughout by the rule of three. And a truly grand appearance they make with their large white flowers nestling in a background of dark-green leaves, well deserving their Latin name of Trillium grandiflorum. When in full bloom, they

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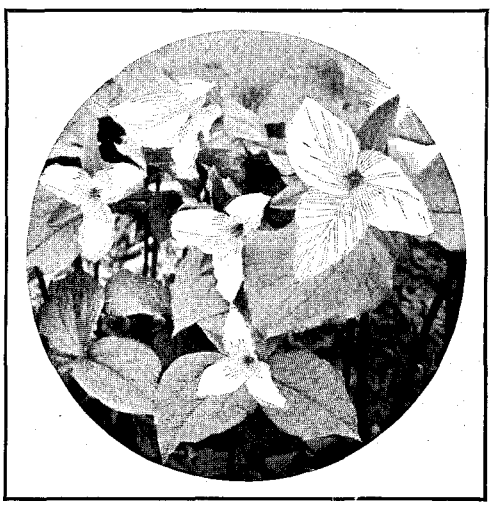
AMONG THE ORCHARD BLOSSOMS

give our Northern woods a truly semi-tropical appearance, being so much larger and more luxuriant than the blossoms nature has more generally bestowed upon us.

Both the rue and wood-anemone are fully out by this time. The grass, which has grown long and is at its freshest green now, before the heat of summer, is dotted by members of the rue species, which can be told from their woodland brethren by the fact that their flowers grow in clusters, while the windflower has only one bloom. If you will take Mr. Rue Anemone up by the roots, and transplant him carefully to a saucer of moss, you will have a daintier bit of table decoration than all the florists' gaudy hybrids can furnish. The wood-anemone or wind-flower has more peculiar qualities—perhaps vices would be a fitter term. Its juices are poisonous.

The May days are by now growing long, and the flowering dogwoods, in common with the cultivated fruit trees, are in their full canopy of white. This prevailing whiteness among all early spring blossoms is best explained by the fact that white flowers are the most conspicuous against the almost black background of earth which is at this time covered only in spots by the decaying foliage of the past year; and white blossoms have, therefore, the best chance of being noticed and cross-fertilized by the early bee in search of honey. Later, the lawns and meadows are flecked with the yellow of dandelions and marsh-marigolds. Blooming in moist, open places are great beds of blue and yellow violets, interspersed with smaller ones of white. The wild geraniums dot the hillsides with lavender, and the larkspur the shady woods with purple. And now that his spring audience is complete, Rev. Jack-in-the-Pulpit arises to deliver his vernal sermon, as the wind has stopped ringing the golden bells of the bellwort. A queer fellow is Jack, a little acid at the roots, but no doubt his thoughts are good and true, else why should his congregation recall him so regularly from year to year?



THE WHITE TRILLIUM

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Justin S. Morrill and Popular Education

By Herman Babson

Assistant Professor of English, Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

ON the fourteenth of December, 1857, there was introduced into the House of Representatives a bill "donating public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts." The originator was Mr. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, at that time just entering on his second term as a Representative. In due course, and in the face of fierce opposition, the bill passed both houses of Congress. It was vetoed in February, 1859, by President Buchanan, chiefly on the ground that as a law it would be uneconomical, productive of inharmonious relations between the States, promotive of possible fraudulent speculation, harmful to existing colleges, and, lastly, unconstitutional. The House failed to pass the bill over the executive disapproval.

On December 16, 1861, Mr. Morrill introduced a similar though improved bill, and almost five months later Mr. Benjamin Wade, of Ohio, brought up the same measure in the Senate. Although meeting a determined struggle in this body, and a negative report from the Committee in the House, it passed in both chambers, and on July 2, 1862, received the signature of President Lincoln.

Such, briefly, is the history of a measure which, in the words of the Hon. Andrew D. White, our Ambassador to Germany, "deserves to be ranked, and which future historians will rank, with those of

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Hamilton in advocating the Constitution, of Jefferson in acquiring Louisiana, and of Clay in giving us a truly American policy."

Despite the unquestionable truth of this statement, and the fact that the bill referred to is one of the most remarkable educational measures of the nineteenth century, whereby, according to the Report of 1899, sixty-four institutions of higher learning (including thirty-five thousand nine hundred and fifty-six students and two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three professors and instructors) have been founded and developed to their present prosperity, Mr. Morrill's work in behalf of American popular education, outside of academic and scientific circles directly benefited by his wonderful and patriotic foresight, is to-day practically unknown and unappreciated.

Setting aside for a moment the consideration of the bill itself, the time in which it was produced, and its results, it seems at first sight little short of a phenomenon in the history of comparatively modern intellectual progress that such a man as the late Senator Morrill should have been the originator and champion of a far-reaching, practical, and scholarly system of education. Born in the small, isolated country town of Strafford, April 14, 1810, of industrious and thrifty parents, he lived outwardly the life of an ordinary merchant and agriculturist. His fragmentary and superficial school education ended when he was fourteen. By assiduous, systematic work as clerk, storekeeper, and farmer, he became at about his thirty-fifth year a courteous, respected, and intelligent citizen of his county—a position which seemed to be the goal of his desires. Well and favorably known as he was, nothing more was expected of him. Nevertheless, his intimate friends had closely observed the inherent soundness, the well-stored power, the large and comprehensive possibilities of this quiet, unassuming citizen. His constant good behavior and steadiness, his systematic reading of good books in English literature, his ability to write well, his practical interest in the affairs of the town—all this gained the support of his constituents. On December 3, 1855, he took his seat in the Thirty-fourth Congress.

His work as Representative and as Senator covered an uninterrupted space of forty-four years, during a time when there came to the front questions of momentous importance and events of world-wide consequence. And of the thousands of legislators who, in the course of his political career, sat with him under the roof of the Capitol, none were more impressive in personality or versatile and practical in wisdom. A gentleman of the "old school," his mind, to quote one of his friends, "seemed to work with the regularity and ease of a finely organized machine, the motive power of which was a well-considered and tenacious purpose." He was the creator and advocate of the successful Tariff Law of 1861, a system of protective finance which, with the exception of the system in vogue during the period of the Wilson Bill ('93–'97), has been the backbone of our modern tariff policy. He was closely identified with the completion of the Washington Monument, with the erection of the building now used by the State, Navy, and War Departments, with the creation of a Statuary Hall in the Capitol, with the improvement of the west front of the Capitol, and, finally, was the cause of that noblest of our National structures, the magnificent Congressional Library. But apart from all stands his successful work for the dissemination of knowledge—for the foundation and the maintenance of colleges "the leading objects of which shall be [to quote the language of the bill of 1862], without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life."

It is unimportant to consider at length the sections of the great measure and the subsequent legislation pertaining to the financial policy whereby the National Government and the several State Governments paved the way for these institutions. Suffice to say that the process consisted in setting apart for each State, according to Congressional representation, so many acres of public land, which, being sold, placed in the hands of a State accepting the grant a fund, the interest of which, coupled with the aid given by

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the State in question, would be sufficient to make for the establishing and the carrying on of a college. Thus the interested States found themselves pledged to foster industrial education; and although they were, as a rule, liberal in their appropriations, in many cases the sums were inadequate. In 1890, Mr. Morrill, who meanwhile had been closely watching the progress of the colleges, succeeded in obtaining increased aid, thus placing the National support of the institutions on a sound basis. Instead of a proportional allotment of public land, the law of 1890 gave an equal appropriation to each State. Attempts at various times, under the name of the Homestead Bill, to give away arable lands to those becoming squatters thereon, necessitated on behalf of the colleges the introduction of a protective measure to the effect that if the proceeds of the sales of public lands should be less "than is required by the terms of the Act aforesaid [the Act of 1890] to be paid to each of the several States, any deficiency shall be paid from any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated." Mr. Morrill died before this bill was passed; but a parallel measure has since become a law of the United States.

Mr. Morrill's bill of 1857, similar to the act of 1862, with the exception of the clause establishing a study of military tactics,[1] expresses in parliamentary language not only the educational needs of the "plain people" of that time, but also the rise of the new spirit of scientific investigation, the inestimable value of which educators were just beginning to see. It is a lasting honor to this self-educated farmer that he should have been the herald of the new order. Deprived of the advantages of a college education, he was, nevertheless, broad-minded enough to know the value of such training; and, a "man of the plain people," he saw vividly the narrowness of their intellectual attainments as well as the latent strength of their untutored minds. Moreover, he foresaw with wonderful discernment the practical relation of the new sciences to many of the ordinary pursuits of life. Agriculture, hitherto simply a career of manual labor, was, in its connection with chemistry, botany, and geology, considered a profession. Engineering, mining—indeed, all "pursuits"—were largely looked at from this point of view. Then, too, it was Mr. Morrill's idea to furnish the industrial young men of the land—that is, those outside of the professions of law, medicine, and theology—institutions wherein, without necessarily becoming so-called "classical students," they might obtain instruction in studies of a liberal nature, such as literature, the modern languages, philosophy, political economy, etc., and, if so desired, even Greek and Latin. In this connection Mr. Morrill's words are significant:

"It is perhaps needless to say that these colleges were not established or endowed for the sole purpose of teaching agriculture. Their object was to give an opportunity for those engaged in industrial pursuits to obtain some knowledge of the practical sciences related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, such as they could not then obtain at most of our institutions called classical colleges, where the languages—Greek and Latin, French and German—absorbed perhaps two-thirds of all the time of the students while in college.

"But it never was intended to force the boys of farmers going into these institutions so to study that they should all come out farmers. It was merely intended to give them an opportunity to do so, and to do so with advantage if they saw fit.

"Obviously, not manual but intellectual instruction was the paramount object. It was not provided that agricultural labor in the field should be practically taught, any more than the mechanical trade of a carpenter or blacksmith should be taught. Secondly, it was a liberal education that was proposed. Classical studies were not to be excluded, and therefore must be included. The act of 1862 proposed a system of broad education by colleges, not limited to a superficial and dwarfed training such as might be had at an industrial school, nor a mere manual training such as might be supplied by a foreman of a workshop or by a foreman of an experimental farm. If any would have only a school with equal scraps of labor and of instruction, or something other than a college, they would not obey the National law. Experience in manual

[1] In 1900 about eleven thousand able-bodied young men out of the total number of students were receiving military instruction.

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labor, in the handling of tools and implements, is not to be disparaged; in the proper time and place it is most essential, and generally something of this may be obtained either before or after the college term, but should not largely interfere with the precious time required for a definite amount of scientific and literary culture, which all earnest students are apt to find far too limited."

Here, then, in Senator Morrill's own words, is the purpose of his bill. In the light of the present day it seems reasonable and practical; in the late fifties, however, its provisions, untried, unappreciated, and misunderstood, were met with an onslaught of all kinds of arguments, sincere and insincere. Among the objections none were more bitter than the plea that the bill was a direct violation of State's rights. Mr. Clay, of Alabama, basing his argument on the premise that the bill was an attempt of the National Government to secure control of State interests through an educational system, gave vent to the following:

"The Federal Government is the creature of the States, and is dependent upon them for its organization and operation. All its powers are subordinate to the States from whom they are derived. The States are in no wise dependent on the Federal Government for their operation, organization, support, or maintenance. I stand as an ambassador from a sovereign State, no more subject to the control of the Federal Government, except in a few instances provided in the Constitution, than any foreign and independent State. This bill treats the States as agents instead of principals, as creatures instead of creators, and proposes to give them their own property and direct them how to use it."

This, as President Atherton, of the Pennsylvania State College remarks, has now "a musty flavor of antiquity." Against this theory, one indeed which many patriotic people in the North were not at that time ready to refute, stands Mr. Morrill's unshaken faith and belief in the supremacy of the Central Government. Looking beyond the storm of debate, confident that the Nation could not be destroyed, almost within sound of the guns turned against her, he calmly offered to her keeping and to her encouragement a charge to the like of which no sister nation could point, to the execution of which no government had turned its hands. Says Ambassador White: "Since the Romans quietly bought and sold the lands on which the Carthaginians were encamped in the neighborhood of the Eternal City, there has been no more noble exhibition of faith in the destiny of a republic."

If the mere passage of the bill could have swept away from the minds of those interpreting it and taking advantage of it, as well as from the minds of those knowing of it yet indifferently disposed toward it, all the doubt and the ignorance concerning its purpose, Mr. Morrill's work for education would to-day need no written eulogy. For what they are, and what they are to become, the State colleges would receive the credit they deserve, would be known as they ought to be known, and would demand widespread and appreciative attention toward their various curricula. That the bill should have laid special stress on colleges of "agriculture and mechanic arts" is no lasting cause why the American public should consider that these institutions appeal only to certain and restricted classes. These terms were used by Mr. Morrill conveniently to summarize under general heads the industrial young men of the land; and at that time ('57 to '62), when America was agricultural rather than commercial, the farmer was the most distinct type. As for the industrial workers represented by the term "mechanic arts," practically there were none; or, if they did exist, it was as individuals rather than as members of a widely extended and important class. The class, as such, was to be created.

Among the many effects of this educational measure, it served as a great promoter of methods of scientific research and instruction in institutions already established. Classical colleges found it necessary to introduce new courses, to establish laboratories, in short, to meet the growing needs of the new era. In the process of thus broadening their lines of instruction, many of these privately endowed "universities" actively opposed any encouragement of education through either National or State control, thus bringing to open discussion the question

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as to the exact part a government ought to play in fostering education. But the State colleges were founded, nevertheless, and, in the face of many serious problems, local as well as general (among the greatest of which was the difficulty of obtaining competent instructors to fill the newly created chairs), they slowly developed to their present condition. And although they are not as yet all of equal rank, and in many cases cannot hope to compete with older and richer seats of learning, they occupy a most important place in the educational work of the country. Then, too, the Hatch Act of 1887, establishing State experiment stations, owes its origin to the impetus given to industrial education by Mr. Morrill. Here, especially, the agricultural education is concerned; but as it forms no small part of the system under discussion, it cannot be overlooked. Concerning these stations, Dr. A. C. True, Director of the Office of Experiment Stations, in Washington, says: "These institutions are, in law and in fact, integral parts of the higher institutions for education in agriculture, representing essentially the university side of such education, being set above the undergraduate departments of the colleges as organizations devoted to original research. They are the fountain-heads of agricultural knowledge, and the results of their work are more and more to form the basis of all instruction in agricultural science, from the college down to the common school and out to the masses of workers on our farms. Already they have surpassed all other agencies in the dissemination of useful information among our farmers, and have collected a fund of new knowledge which has radically changed the text-books and courses of instruction in agriculture in this country."

Resulting from the several Morrill acts relating to the promotion of industrial education, colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts have been organized in Alabama, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Virginia, and Washington. Separate institutions of this class for colored students are maintained under the Morrill Act of 1890 in Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia. The instruction in these institutions has, however, very wisely been confined for the most part to courses below the college grade. A similar institution, maintained by private funds, is the well-known Tuskegee Industrial Institute in Alabama.

Colleges of agriculture (or equivalent schools or departments) in universities are maintained with the aid of National funds in Arizona, Arkansas, California, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New York, Ohio, Tennessee, Vermont, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. In Massachusetts, Harvard University has a school of agriculture known as Bussey Institution. The only institution in this country which is simply an agricultural college is the Massachusetts Agricultural College.[1]

Here, at the opening of the twentieth century, are the results of Mr. Morrill's far-sighted policy. From small and insignificant beginnings we have a body of institutions of higher learning, flying the flag of the United States, loyal to their several commonwealths, working along harmonious lines, and yearly sending thousands of graduates into the many walks of life. A fitting and lasting evidence of the central influence and power of the United States Government, they were made possible at a time when the right of that Government was questioned. Encouraged by their past, persistent and untiring in the present, they look confidently into the future, and with one voice extol the name of their illustrious founder.

[1] Dr. A. C. True, "Agricultural Education," Year-Book of the Department of Agriculture, 1899. Referring to Dr. True's last statement, it should be said here, in justice to the Massachusetts institution, that, although an agricultural college, it is practically and generously equipped, both in its plant and its faculty, thoroughly to prepare the way for more advanced study in subjects other than those pertaining to agricultural pursuits alone. Its work is by no means narrow or limited, and its graduates are to be found in almost all the activities of life. That its scope of influence is misunderstood, that the general public is largely ignorant of its various courses of instruction as well as of its important place in the educational system of the State, is possibly to be accounted for in the prevalent lack of knowledge on the part of the public as to what is comprehended in the teaching of modern scientific agriculture and its branches.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Age of Decision (The): Being Five Sermons to Young Men Preached at Cambridge in St. Giles' Church. By P. N. Waggett, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 153 pages. $1.

These discourses to undergraduates are not of the kind that compels a young man's attention, but of the kind that rewards it. Since youth, in the preacher's view, "extends from about twenty-one to the verge of old age," he has something to say to those who are not, as well as to those who are, nominally young.

Bolingbroke and His Times. By Walter Sichel. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5⅝×9 in. 550 pages. $4.

A thoroughly scholarly and discriminating study of the statesman of Queen Anne's time who has been over-abused and over-praised beyond any man of his age. Incidentally the book is a brilliant pen-picture of the England of Queen Anne. A supplemental volume will tell of Bolingbroke "out of place and out of power." We hope to speak of this work at greater length before long.

Claim Jumpers (The). By Stewart Edward White. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 284 pages. 50c.

A clever and original story of mining life, only moderately sensational, and having both humor and character-study.

Delectable Mountains (The). By Arthur Colton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 257 pages. $1.50.

A series of short stories unusual in their quality, quaint, fanciful, and, in the case of two or three stories, eminently humorous. The collection is delightful because of its remoteness from the commonplace.

Domestic Service. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. (Second Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 338 pages. $2.

This new edition of Professor Salmon's admirable book contains an additional chapter on "Domestic Service in Europe," which is compact with sound observation and suggestive comment. The volume is one of exceptional interest to all thoughtful women and to all men interested in labor problems. There is no part of the labor problem which is more vital than that of domestic service. Reforms, even more than charity, ought to begin at home, and if labor reform could be begun by the recognition of the sisterhood of women in the homes, it would not be long before it would be completed by the recognition of the brotherhood of man in the factories.

Dupes. By Ethel Watts Mumford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 288 pages.

Edelsteine. Six Select Stories by Baumbach, Seidel, and Volkmann-Leander. Edited by Richard Alexander Minckwitz and Frida von Unwerth. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 132 pages. 85c.

English Record of the Whaley Family and its Branches in America. By the Rev. Samuel Whaley. Andrus & Church, Ithaca, N. Y. 6×8½ in. 234 pages.

Ephemera Critica; or, Plain Truths about Current Literature. By John Churton Collins. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 379 pages. $2.

A series of brief, disconnected essays from the hand of one of the frankest and most out spoken English writers of the day, who has made himself, in a special sense, the advocate of the teaching of literature in the universities, and who devotes at least one-third of this volume to a pungent and detailed setting forth of the sins of the universities in the matter of literature teaching—sins of omission in their failure to distinguish between literature and philology and to provide adequate facilities for the study of literature, and sins of commission in the use of their imprints on text-books of literature full of inelegancies and inaccuracies, and conspicuous for the absence of æsthetic feeling and literary insight. Mr. Collins pays his respects to Mr. Saintsbury in some very frank and detailed criticism. He has a word to say about log-rolling in England, about self-advertising, about the tendency to push small men to the front, and many other aspects of current literature in that country which, in his judgment, call for critical comment. There is a good deal of evidence that Mr. Collins is writing about what he knows; he falls, however, sometimes into petulance and censoriousness.

Evolution of Immortality (The). By S. D. McConnell, D.D., D.C.L. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 204 pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Edward Carpenter: Poet and Prophet. By Ernest Crosby. The Conservator, Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 50 pages.

Faneuil Hall and Faneuil Hall Market. By Abram English Brown. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 6½×9¾ in. 226 pages. $1.50.

There is no building in America more worthy of a separate history than Faneuil Hall, and Mr. Brown's faithful work has collected many facts of unusual interest respecting its founder and his generous gift to the city. Peter Faneuil's original intention, it appears, was merely to contribute a market-place to the city, and the hall was an afterthought, which possibly grew out of the city's demonstrated lack of a public hall large enough to accommodate the great town-meeting called to decide whether the market should be accepted. The majority in favor of acceptance was at first only seven, and at a subsequent period the market was for a season or two closed, because the dealers there were believed to have raised prices above the level which the hucksters had

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charged. The history of the market-place is interesting to economic students.

Following Christ: Practical Thoughts for Daily Christian Living. By Floyd W. Tomkins, S.T.D. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 4×7 in. 150 pages. 50c.

French Grammar (A). By H. W. Fraser and J. Squair. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¾×7 in. 551 pages. 90c.

Frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel (The). By Evelyn March Phillips. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 160 pages. $2.

While this is not an exhaustive examination of the frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel, it seems to us the most admirable of all endeavors to describe the great religious scheme which the series of pictures there embodies. In order to get the best descriptions of these frescoes one has hitherto had to consult various volumes in which the descriptions are incorporated with comment on other subjects. The present is the first attempt made to describe the frescoes in a single volume. Though no work issued during the present season is more remarkable for superb paper and print, we could wish, for the benefit of the intending traveler to Rome, that the publishers had seen fit to issue the book with thinner paper, in smaller type, and with a flexible cover. This suggestion, however, is rather gratuitous, for as it is the book is not a large one. Together with its description and criticisms, the author has given us many a hint as to the lives of the various artists whose works are in the Sixtine, and these hints help us to understand and enjoy the great works there as we could not otherwise.

Garcilaso. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4¾×7½ in. 394 pages. $1.25.

George Eliot's Works. (The Personal Edition.) Vol. II. **Life of George Eliot and Scenes of Clerical Life.** Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co, New York. 5¼×8 in. 492 pages. $1.50.

The second volume in a new edition upon which we have already commented. There are pictures of many places connected with George Eliot's life or the short stories here included. A brief but carefully prepared biography is included. We could wish the paper of this edition were better; in other respects it is thoroughly commendable.

Golden Tips: A Description of Ceylon and its Great Tea Industry. By Henry W. Cave, M.A., F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 474 pages. $4.

During the five thousand years since tea was discovered in China, its history has been an interesting one, but perhaps its latest very marked development is more interesting than any other phase. On its merits the Ceylon tea industry has increased with a rapidity unequaled even by that of India, which started many years earlier, and which began to oust the enormous supplies of China from the best markets. During the past two decades the industrial and commercial history of Ceylon has largely been that of the tea trade, and Mr. Cave's book is the first on that particular subject which has come to our notice. It is a detailed and readable description, as may be expected from the author of previous books on Ceylon.

History of Egypt in the Middle Ages (A). By Stanley Lane-Poole, M.A., Litt.D. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 382 pages. $2.25.

Whether under the heel of one or another race of conquerors, the story of Egypt from Roman to modern times is a pitiful one. The accomplished Arabic scholar who narrates it in this volume covers the period from the Saracen conquest in 640 to the domination of the Turks in 1517—a desert of barbarity and misery broken by an occasional oasis of just rule and prosperity. Egyptian history during this period is usually involved in the general history of the Mohammedan power. Professor Lane-Poole is the first writer to give it separate treatment.

History of the Church of Christ. By Herbert Kelly. Vol. I. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 329 pages. $1.25.

This carefully written outline for beginners in Church history is presented from the Anglican point of view. It finds "episcopacy" and "a necessary apostolic succession" intrenched at commanding positions by the beginning of the second century. That these terms may be differently defined by disputants is not clearly noted. The growth of the New Testament as involved in the development of the Church is an important part of the history, and should have been included in the author's plan. A note of extreme theological conservatism is blended with a scholarly spirit, which is interested in exhibiting the ideas of the time, as well as in portraying its influential personages and in narrating its events.

In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan: Being the Record of Three Years' Exploration. By Captain H. H. P. Deasy. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 420 pages. $5.

The prominence of Chinese Turkestan during the past few weeks because of Russia's suggestion to include it and Mongolia in her Manchurian convention gives special timeliness to the publication of this valuable volume. As for Tibet, any ambitions which Russia or England may cherish regarding it have not yet been definitely expressed. The vast region still remains not only the most inaccessible of Asiatic countries, but for this very reason the most whetting to a traveler's appetite. Captain Deasy's book is well provided with appendices, maps, and illustrations, and should take its deserved place as a standard authority on westernmost China.

Introduction to the Industrial and Social History of England (An). By Edward P. Cheyney. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 317 pages. $1.40.

This is a type of history that is destined to become more common. It sketches the primitive and then the mediæval organization of social life and industry; the economic changes that immediately preceded and followed the break-up of the mediæval system; subsequent changes that accrued with the expansion of England in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, and those that were brought in by the industrial revolution in the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The reign of individualism follows, with the restrictions upon it by increasing public

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control, as in factory and sanitary legislation, modified landownership, and new public services, as in the telegraph, etc. Lastly comes the gradual displacing of competition by the voluntary associations of labor and capital, with the present tendency to a substitution of public for capitalist enterprise. A slender thread of the political history runs through the narrative, and correlates the economic and social movement with the march of other events. A descriptive bibliography appended to the several chapters directs the student to the authorities, and to subjects for collateral research. A variety of economic illustrations and maps is added. It is a well-wrought and valuable work, and, while intended for use as a text-book in high schools and colleges, may be strongly commended also to the general reader.

Journey to Nature (A). By J. P. Mowbray. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 315 pages. $1.50.

"A Journey to Nature" describes the experiences of a Wall Street man who had strained his strength to the point of breaking, and who fled incontinently from telephones and telegrams to a shanty in a remote part of the country, and, in the company of his boy, slowly made his way back to a primitive and wholesome way of life. The book is written in a most familiar style, colloquial in the extreme, and at times using a good deal of current slang. It has, however, an air of freshness and vitality which will make very delectable reading for those who are under the strain of work and are longing for the repose of nature. It is also a record of observation of the seasons interspersed with fresh and very taking bits of description, the whole bathed in an out-of-door atmosphere which is full of tonic quality.

Lion's Brood (The). By Duffield Osborne. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 361 pages. $1.50.

A story of the time of Hannibal and his march on Rome. The incidents are exciting and the story has movement and spirit, although the book can hardly claim a place among important historical novels.

Love Letters of Bismarck (The). By Charlton T. Lewis. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 428 pages. $3.

Most of us are apt to think of the late Prince Bismarck only as the Iron Chancellor, a stern, relentless man, one who was absorbed in policies of state, and stamped his virile personality upon politics for more than half a century. We are accustomed to associate that personality only with a certain cynical outlook on life, and an indomitable will in pushing through perfected plans, realizing Bismarck's words: "It is my thankless part to write that we do not live alone in Europe, but with three other Powers who hate and envy us." We are not accustomed to think of the dread Chancellor as a lover, a husband, a father, a man of family. It is well for our appreciation of a great character, therefore, that such a book as this should be published, though no translation could adequately reproduce the original. It reveals, far more than do his own "Erinnerungen," the man at close range. In Bismarck as lover and husband we find, first of all, a splendid example of the Deutsche Treue—of that German fidelity which lies at the base of every genuine Teuton; and, in the second place, we find the direct expression of a manly man—in these letters there is never an indirect term in language, nor any suggestion of doublefacedness, although in politics the Chancellor may have made a secret treaty somewhat to the detriment of an openly avowed policy. In all his family relations Bismarck was full to the brim of the tenderest affection, of the keenest interest in all domestic details, and, a fact which may surprise some, of a constant and unconcealed trust in God, a profound faith in His Providence and Presence. These qualities are insistently evident in every period covered by his "Love Letters," a correspondence extending from the time of his betrothal (1846) to Fräulein von Puttkamer to 1889, the year before his downfall. If, however, we must choose a particular period of Bismarck's private life as deserving closest attention, we would certainly go back to those earlier years when he wrote to his bride, "With dutiful trust in God, dig in the spurs and let life like a wild horse take you flying."

Martyred Missionaries of the China Inland Mission: With a Record of the Perils and Sufferings of Some who Escaped. Edited by Marshall Broomhall, B.A. Illustrated. Morgan & Scott, London, England. 5½×8¾ in. 331 pages. $1.50.

This modern book of martyrs is a timely and appropriate memorial. Specially commemorating those who perished in the service of the China Inland Mission (a British society), it records the names of all Protestant missionaries known to have been cut off, and describes the end of some in the service of the American Board. One hundred and thirty-three, with forty-eight children, are included in the list. The narratives of those who succeeded in escaping are given as written by themselves. Numerous portraits befit the purpose of so comprehensive a memorial. The fidelity of the Christian Chinese and the friendly aid accorded by many of the officials and people are amply acknowledged. It has a significant bearing on the causes of the recent outbreak that from 1865 to 1898 no member of the China Inland Mission met a violent death. It is impossible to read Appendix G, the "Official Status of Missionaries," without conviction that Roman Catholic policy, supported by France, has provoked a peculiar resentment in China, to which Protestant missions have never exposed themselves. It is too much to expect that anti-Christian criticism of missionaries will be fairly intelligent, but, if it would be, it must learn something from this book.

Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 366 pages. $1.50.

In a simple and unpretentious way this book is really full of entertainment. Its jollity is spontaneous and natural. The story tells of the adventures which befell a sweet-tempered but timid maiden lady and her niece in a trip through Europe. They meet amusing people,

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have all sorts of interesting experiences, and a romance underlies the story and is wrought out in a novel fashion.

New Education Readers. Book Three. By A. J. Demarest and William M. Van Sickle. The American Book Co., New York. 5⅜×7¾ in. 160 pages.

Old New York Frontier (The): Its Wars with Indians and Tories, Its Missionary Schools, Pioneers, and Land Titles, 1614–1800. By Francis Whiting Halsey. Illustrated. 5½×8½ in. 432 pages. $2.50.

In writing the history of "The Old New York Frontier," the place of his own birth, Mr. Halsey has performed a labor of love, and the records he has collected have the charm which only such labor gives. In "a personal note" at the close of the volume Mr. Halsey tells us that he was led into his investigations by the discoveries he made when preparing an introduction to a volume of his father's reminiscences. These discoveries, he says, very modestly, were mainly events with which he ought to have been familiar from childhood, for they were of National interest, and had taken place in the region where he had grown to manhood. Mr. Halsey's experience in this regard is, unfortunately, the common one in this country, but it certainly ought not to be the experience of the next generation of school-children in central New York, if the teachers of the Susquehanna and Mohawk Valleys make the needed use of Mr. Halsey's book. While written for adults, there is in it a great deal that will interest children—the great Mohawk chief, Joseph Brant, forming the central figure of the narrative, and being justly treated by Mr. Halsey as a statesman and a hero. Even the part which Brant bore in the massacres at Cherry Valley and Wyoming and Minisink is strongly defended, Mr. Halsey finding him more humane than the Tories under whom he served. The political genius of the Iroquois nations, which made their federation a strong empire, also receives adequate recognition, and in regard to the unquestioned horrors of the border wars the author sensibly recalls the observation that the accounts would read differently if they had been written by the Indians.

Pleasures of the Telescope: An Illustrated Guide for Amateur Astronomers. By Garrett P. Serviss. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 200 pages. $1.50.

The author of "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass" has now issued an excellent account of the principal attractions of the starry heavens as they may be seen with the aid of a small telescope. Like the chapters of "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass," these papers, in their original form, were published in the "Popular Science Monthly." The book is abundantly furnished with maps and indications to enable the amateur readily to find the double stars, star-groups, and nebulæ. One of the most entertaining chapters describes the scenery of the moon—the so-called seas, the inclosed plain, the mountain-ranges, the ring mountains and craters. The concluding chapter is still more noteworthy, as, in answer to the question, "Are there planets among the stars?" Mr. Serviss sets forth the reasons for thinking that such planets may exist.

Progress of the Century (The). By Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer, Edward Caird, Sir Charles Dilke, Captain Alfred T. Mahan, Andrew Lang, Cardinal Gibbons, Goldwin Smith, and Others. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 583 pages. $2.50.

The editors of the New York "Sun" should receive full credit for having planned and carried out so dignified and thorough a piece of scientific and literary work as this collection of articles. It would indeed be hard to refer to any equally valuable series of signed articles in the American press for many years. We hope to consider the book in detail at a later date.

Reading of Life, with Other Poems (A). By George Meredith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 128 pages. $1.50.

Mr. George Meredith's verse is as difficult as his prose, and this volume is no exception to that statement; it requires careful reading. Much of it is written in a very obscure and at times very unpoetic style, but it is full of penetrating thought, and frequently touched by the profoundest poetic feeling. Two short poems will show its quality:

ALTERNATION

Between the fountain and the rill
I passed, and saw the mighty will
To leap at sky; the careless run,
As earth would lead her little son.

Beneath them throbs an urgent will,
That here is play, and there is war.
I know not which had most to tell
Of whence we spring and what we are.

THE BURDEN OF STRENGTH

If that thou hast the gift of strength, then know
Thy part is to uplift the trodden low;
Else in a giant's grasp until the end
A hopeless wrestler shall thy soul contend.

Recollections of a Georgia Loyalist. By Elizabeth Lichtenstein Johnston. Edited by Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton, B.A. M. F. Mansfield & Co., New York. 4¾×7 in. 221 pages. $1.50.

The Loyalists, or "Tories," of our Revolutionary period are more justly estimated now than by their contemporary countrymen, and everything relating to their temporarily disastrous fortunes is of interest. The writer of these "Recollections" wrote them for her grandchildren, and matters of family concern engross her mind, while political affairs lie in the background. As in the case of other expatriated Loyalists, some of her descendants are persons of high importance in the Dominion of Canada.

Simple Truths of Our Christian Faith (The). By Rev. G. Walter Fiske. Published by the Church Committee Congregational Church, South Hadley Falls, Mass. 3½×5 in. 16 pages.

Sermons on Faith and Doctrine. By Benjamin Jowett, M. A. Edited by the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 354 pages. $2.50.

The Master of Balliol was a thinker in advance of his time, and is more justly appreciated now than forty years ago. The Church has moved in the direction he pointed, combining a conviction of the imperfection and transiency of the forms of truth with a firm grasp upon the things that cannot be shaken. In these sermons there is no theological system discernible, but much light, wise perception of the causes of religious controversy and unrest, and

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an opening of the ways to those that are at a stand for lack of a thoroughfare in sight.

Sir Christopher: A Romance of a Maryland Manor in 1644. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 411 pages. $1.50.

Mrs. Goodwin has made a careful study of colonial history in Maryland and Virginia, and has turned her study to good account in three semi-historical romances. The scene of "Sir Christopher" is laid in Maryland, and the time is two hundred and fifty years ago. The story is carefully written, in excellent taste, with a skillful use of background of scenery and the manners of the time; and gets its dramatic motive from the antagonism between Protestants and Roman Catholics, which in the early history of the colonies was deep and at times bitter.

Study of Social Morality (A). By W. A. Watt, M.A., LL.B., D.Phil. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 293 pages. $2.

The formative principle of the author's thought is the social ideal of the moral life. From a general discussion of the fundamental virtues of justice, benevolence, and truthfulness, he proceeds to the organization of these in social relationships. His method of presentation is reflective and critical, somewhat like that of the late Professor Sidgwick in his "Method of Ethics." There is hardly a point of theoretical or practical ethics that fails to appear in his all-round view, or to be commented upon with judiciously balanced considerations. While this is very suggestive, it does not always yield definite conclusions, and Dr. Watt is rather prone to cite opinions where one would wish him to pronounce his own. We would have liked a treatment of the important subject of casuistry more in line with Canon Gore's call for "a new casuistry" than in review of the formal casuistry of rule that has acquired an ill repute, especially among Protestant thinkers. A more serious missing of the mark is in characterizing the gambling spirit as showing itself in "the delight in hazard." Rather is it in the purpose for which hazard is employed. But, whatever Dr. Watt may have failed in, he has certainly presented an instructive review of the whole field of ethical study.

Subaltern's Letters to His Wife (A). Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 228 pages. $1.25.

We are sorry not to know the name of the subaltern who wrote these letters. They are capital letters; they describe South Africa to us as it has not yet been described. They are realistic; in line and color distinct and vivid, they bring before us the expressionless veldt (yet with a dash of its charm), the "slim" Boer (yet with a bit of his bravery), the eternal Kaffir, the pushful Outlander, above all Tommy Atkins himself, and the official incompetence which has too often commanded him to perform impossible tasks.

Understudies: Short Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. 230 pages. $1.25.

Here Miss Wilkins uses the characteristics of flowers and animals as keys for short human character-sketches. The idea is too psychological to be popular, and has been attempted before in a different way but without great success by Hawthorne and others. Certainly Miss Wilkins is not here at her best, which always calls for positive and direct methods.

Under MacArthur in Luzon. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.25.

Under the Redwoods. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 334 pages. $1.25.

Bret Harte never writes in slovenly style, and there is the old charm about these tales of early California life, although only two or three of them will bear comparison as to color and strength with Mr. Harte's best work.

Unity in Christ and Other Sermons. By J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 298 pages.

This volume of sermons recently preached in St. Margaret's, Westminster, is pervaded by the thought of the discourse which begins and gives title to the series. They represent the best type of Anglican preaching. The discourse on Christ's "compassion on the multitude" bears on the tenement evil in New York, as well as on the overcrowded slums of London. In view of the work Christ calls his Church to do for humanity, one may hesitate to embrace the preacher's declaration that "the bonds which unite us in the body of Christ are the sacraments." Are they not rather in the one Divine Command, and in the common obedience rendered to it?

White Cottage (The). By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 243 pages. $1.50.

Painful and intense, but consistent in its character-study. One hardly feels that the artistic result is worth the racking of sensibilities it entails. Miss Gwendoline Keats undoubtedly has power and grasp; one wishes she would use a larger canvas, see some of the bright things in life, occasionally relax the dramatic strain.

Wigwam Stories: Told by North American Indians. Compiled by Mary Catherine Judd. Illustrated by Angel de Cora. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 276 pages.

This is a fine gift for children. Short sketches of the various tribes introduce a large collection of Indian traditions, myths, and tales of heroes, all copiously and finely illustrated.

Works of Charles Dickens. (The Authentic Edition.) Vol. XI. ***Bleak House.*** Vol. XII. ***Little Dorrit.*** Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. $1.50 per volume.

This edition has been commended in a previous notice.

World's Work (The). Vol. I. November, 1900—April, 1901. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 7½×10½ in. 676 pages. $2.10.

This first half-yearly volume shows strongly and clearly a steady advance. "The World's Work" has made a place for itself without servile imitation or copying from methods of other illustrated monthlies. In its selection and treatment of topics, in its illustration, and in its editing, it shows force, originality, and keen judgment as to timeliness and comparative importance.

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Correspondence

The Sandico Incident

To the Editors of The Outlook:

During the recent discussion of Philippine affairs The Outlook has won a well-deserved reputation for fairness in that it has cordially accorded space to those desiring to present both sides of the question. As one of your readers who has been particularly pleased to observe this fairness, I venture now to call your attention to a point which you have evidently overlooked.

Some time ago you gave an extended mention in your columns of a proclamation said to have been issued by Sandico on February 15, 1899. You called attention to the barbarity of the proclamation, and, in common with many other writers on the subject, you drew conclusions from the proclamation most adverse to the Filipino character. In a recent publication issued by the Philippine Information Society, of Boston, the authenticity of this order has been questioned on excellent authority. Has this publication been called to your attention? If not, may I quote from it the following paragraphs:

Mr. John F. Bass, Harvard '91, correspondent for "Harper's Weekly" and the New York "Herald," who is a man of the highest reputation and an unusually trustworthy observer, personally known to the editors, believes that the authenticity of this document is as yet unproved. Mr. Bass spent eighteen months in the Philippines and was one of the few men to learn the Tagal dialect, which enabled him to arrive at an exceptionally close understanding of the Filipinos. He at first accepted the February 15 order as authentic, and denounced it in a letter published in "Harper's Weekly," April 22, 1899. On reflection, however, the document seemed to him out of keeping with the character of its reputed author, Sandico, with whom Mr. Bass was personally acquainted, and he made every effort to prove its authenticity. In a letter to one of the editors, under date February 18, 1901, he makes the following statement:

"Up to the time I left the islands the original had never come into American hands. No American had seen or conversed with any native who had seen the order. An enemy of Sandico, a native, presented a document which he claimed was a translation of the original made by a third native who had seen the original. This was at a time when the Provost Marshal's office was flooded with anonymous letters from natives and Spaniards, accusing everybody in Manila of every crime known to criminal law. The very man who gave the alleged copy of the Sandico order was in a fraudulent accusation against a personal enemy—a business man of Manila."

In view of the above, it seems proper that all Americans who are grounded in the belief that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty should retract any statements based upon a document whose authenticity is at least open to question. I feel great confidence that The Outlook, at least, will give some space to this matter.

ELIZABETH G. EVANS.

[We are very glad indeed to give this letter a place in our columns. At the time of the publication of the Sandico order the War Department believed it to be genuine, and, so far as we now know, still believes that it was genuine; but we hope, for the credit of the character of the Filipino insurgent government, that Mr. Bass's view is the right one, and that the War Department was mistaken.—THE EDITORS.]

Union Seminary and the Churches

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your editorial paragraph in the issue of the 27th instant, on "Union Seminary Unorthodoxy," gave what I am sure is an unintentional misrepresentation of at least one case. The case referred to as having come before the "Elizabeth Association of Congregational Ministers" was not before a Congregational body at all, but the Presbytery of Elizabeth. There appeared before this Presbytery four young men, one from Princeton, one from Auburn, and two from Union. Three were licensed; one of the two from Union, of course, among the number. The ground for the failure to license in the other case was no alleged unsoundness on the part of the candidate, whether on the question of the relation between the Scriptural narrative and the scientific theory of evolution, or any other doctrine. It was pretty well understood that the candidate from Union who was accepted held the same views as his fellow, and that substantially the same were entertained by the Auburn student.

The young man who was not licensed impressed the Presbytery as having a

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bright mind, a frank and earnest Christian spirit, and as giving evidence in his sermon of possessing an unusual power, which is bound to tell some day. It seemed as though he had been putting his time into the study of subjects which had not fitted him well for answering the questions which on such an occasion must necessarily take precedence. It was also clear that he had been taking into his mind a great amount of material which he had not yet found time to dispose of, and which left his theological position not unorthodox, but vague, so much so that the Presbytery did not see fit to license him, at the moment, as a teacher.

Even the older and more conservative members of Presbytery were impressed with the young man, and so expressed themselves; they believed in his future; they dealt with him most tenderly; they sustained his examination at all points but theology, in the sense I have specified; and simply deferred action on this until the fall meeting, anticipating his able and triumphant entrance upon the ministry at that time. In this all the ministers, so-called liberal and conservative alike, agreed. There was positively no discrimination against Union.

I write this as an alumnus of Union; also as one who, on the formal roll-call, supported this young man as well as the others.

(Rev.) Henry Elliott Mott, D.D.
Elizabeth, N. J.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. What is meant by "covenant theology," and what objection has modern theology to it? 2. Which do you consider the two strongest books written on the Baptist controversy, one on each side? 3. Did Phillips Brooks become interested in Spiritualism in his later years? J. G. M.

1. The doctrine (for which see the Westminster Shorter Catechism) that God originally entered into a covenant of works with the human race as represented by Adam, and, when this was voided by the Fall, into a covenant of grace with the elect. The objection is that these covenants were really made in Holland about three hundred years ago. See Schaff's "Creeds of Christendom," Vol. I., p. 773. 2. If you refer to the controversy on the meaning of the Greek word *baptizo*, and the original mode of administering baptism, The Outlook, not having cared about it, has formed no judgment about the merits of the disputants. The controversy no longer exists among scholars. In a technical view the Baptists have won the case. The Outlook, however, does not regard the question as a technical one, to be settled by the dictionary and precedents. So far as any controversy can be said to exist now, it is of that elusive kind which depends mainly on the point of view from which the question is regarded. See Stanley's "Christian Institutions," Chapter I. 3. If you mean attracted to it, no.

Please tell me of any work or commentary upon the Old Testament, brief, concise, inexpensive, but up to date, written in the light of the very best modern criticism and historical research. I wish to follow the *thread* of truth for myself and for my Sunday-school class. For instance, what is the kernel of truth in the story of the taking of the city of Jericho? N. H. S.

This question is often asked. The work that answers these requirements is yet to be written. For a textual commentary the "Cambridge Bible for Schools," whose many volumes range in price from 40 cents to $1.25, will serve an ordinary reader, but for a critical view of the narrative must be supplemented by at least such books as these: Day's "Social Life of the Hebrews" (Scribners, $1.25), Cornill's "History of Israel" (Open Court Company, Chicago, $1.50), "The Messages of the Earlier and the Later Prophets"—two volumes, containing valuable historical introductions (Scribners, $2). As to Jericho, the fact probably was that through the terror of its people hardly any defense was made, and it was taken as easily as if the walls had collapsed.

An editor of large influence, in considering the seat of authority, says: "Those who speak of the authority of religion as internal rather than external do not thereby intend to disparage the authority of Christ or the Bible, but rather to emphasize the idea that it is only as Christ and the truths of revelation are enthroned in *the heart* that they really become a controlling force over the lives of men." Does this express the real issue? If so, it does not appear that there is any real issue. Is the editor right in what he here says? H. M.

The author of the statement quoted is correct. There is, however, an issue which his remarks do not touch. It is made by those who maintain that in the case of a revelation authenticated by certain external evidences, as miracles and credible witnesses, the reason, which has been called to pronounce judgment on these credentials, has no further authority, and no right to sit in judgment on the substance of the revelation as credible or incredible.

Boys' Clubs.—As we are frequently addressed on this subject, we refer recent and intending inquirers to the "General Alliance of Workers with Boys," at 34 Chestnut Street, Charlestown, Mass., of which William Byron Forbush, Ph.D., is President. Its special purpose is to be a Bureau of Information about boys and work with them. It publishes a quarterly, "How to Help Boys" ($1 a year). Its annual conference is held next October in Boston. A membership fee of "one dollar for life" is required. President G. Stanley Hall and Dr. E. E. Hale are named as its Counselors.

D. L. P.—Your post-office address was incorrectly given. The following books will meet the point of your inquiry: "Foundations of Belief," by A. J. Balfour; a critique of the same in "Man's Place in the Cosmos," by Professor Seth; "The Seat of Authority," by Dr. James Martineau. These are well known, and can be ordered of any bookseller.

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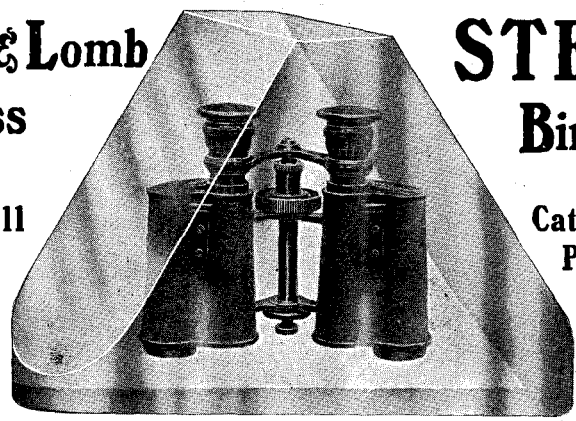

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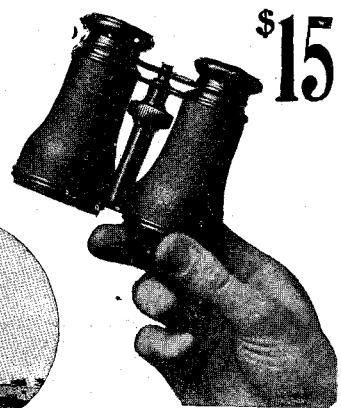

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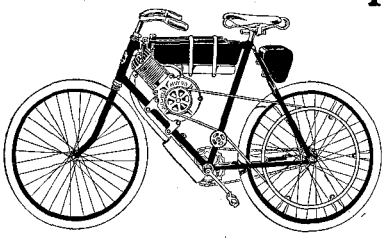

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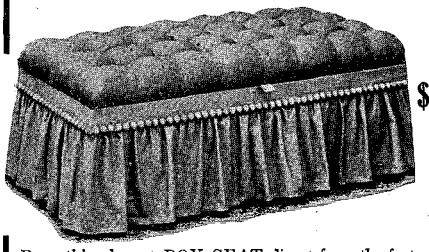

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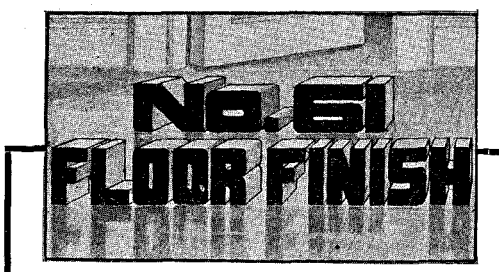

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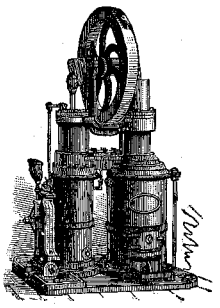

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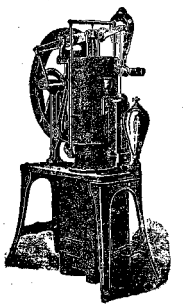

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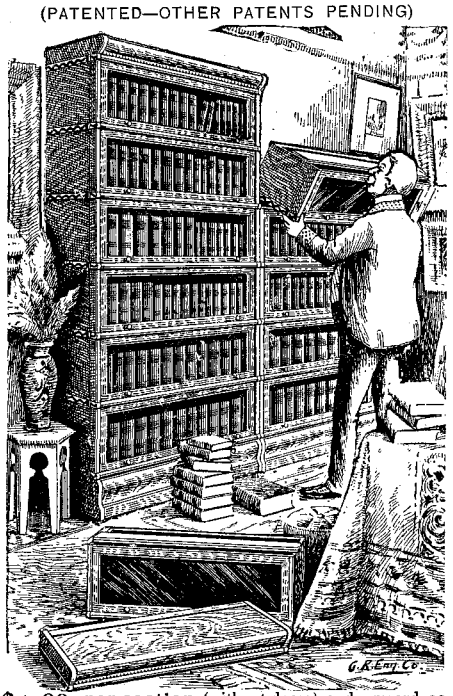

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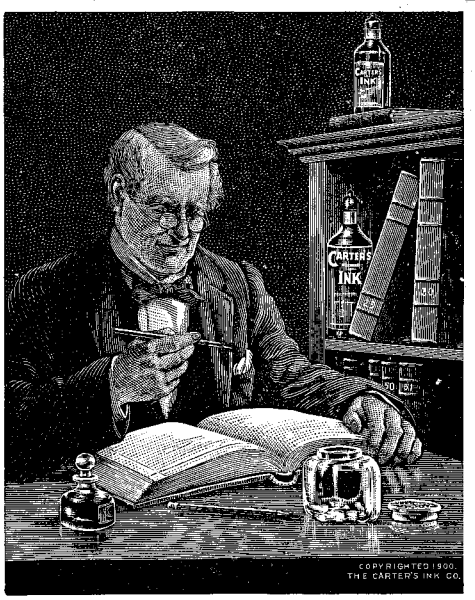

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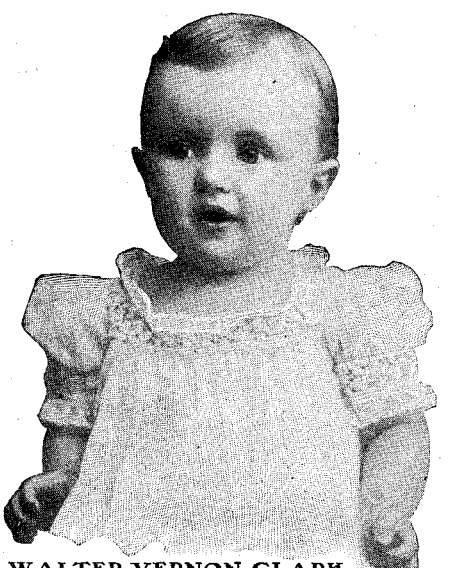

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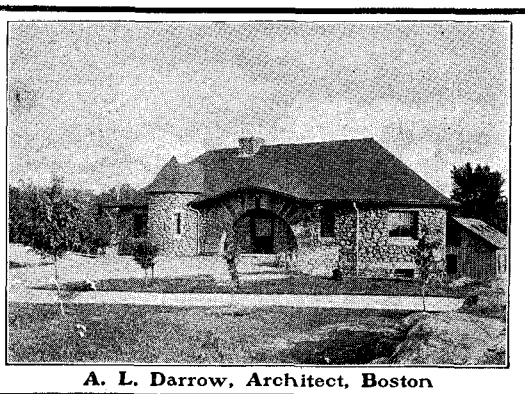

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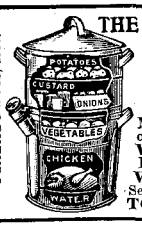

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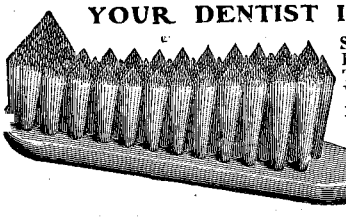

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